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THE RETURN.

Beyond these hills where sinks the sun
in amber,
Imperial in purple, gold and blood,
I keep the garden walks where roses
clamber,
Set in still rows with shrub and
flower and bud.

After the clash of all the swords that
sunder,
After the headstrong pride of youth
that fails,
After the shattered heavens and the
thunder
Remain the summer woods and
nightingales!

So when the fever has died down that
urges
My lips to utterance of whirling
words,
Which blown among the winds and
stormy surges,
Skim the wild sea-waves like the
wild sea birds,

So when has ceased the tumult and the
riot,
A man may rest his soul a little
space,
And seek your solitary eyes in quiet,
And all the gracious calmness of
your face.

Theodore Maynard.
The New Witness.

THE PLOUGH-GIRL.

Now, house-work, sure, bes aisy done,
an' wimmin's han's go light
About the cows, an' hins, an' pigs,
from mornin' up till night.
The churnin' niver frightened me, an'
tossin' hay's a play,
Och! the dear knows how the furrow'll
luk whin I drive the plough wan day.

I can lay as straight a hem, I'll say,
as anny fine machine
The rich folk buy in Englan'—I ri-
mimbher wan I seen;

I can spin the web widout a flaw, there's
little o' that now,
But the weans will make a holiday
whine'er I go to plough.

There's a blin' man, an' a lame man,
an' a lad widout much wit
Left here to further on the work.
Feth! an' they hindher it!
I'd rather have a toddlin' chile than be
moidhered wid thim three,
The mornin' whin I lead the horse to
the field fornent the sea.

I knew well whin I tuk himself for
middlin' times an' bad,
A girl does lave hebint her sweetest
dhreams she's iver had;
Yet, an' I wudn't wish him back, for
the gun that fits his han'
Luks betther than an ould plough'd do;
an' the Lord will farm the lan'!

Florence M. Wilson.

The Spectator.

THE SOIL OF SOLACE.

I may not stand with other men or
ride
In those gray fields where fall the
screaming shells,
Or mix my blood with blood of those
who died
To find a heaven in their sevenfold
hells.

Honor and death a strident bugle blows,
Setting an end to death and blas-
phemy—

O had I any choice in it, God knows
Where in this epic day I, too, would
be!

Yet may I keep some English heart
alive

With a poet's pleasure in all English
things—

Good fellowship and kindness still thrive
In English soil; the dusk is full of
wings;

And by the river long reeds grow; and
still

One little house sits brooding on the
hill!

GERMAN WAR LITERATURE.

Germany produced a truly incredible number of war books and pamphlets during the first fourteen months of hostilities. At the end of May the total amount of publications was 4,518, a number which had increased to 6,395 by the last day in September. This mass of literature, when classified, gives the following results: Military science and the happenings of war, 1,174; maps, 447; political, economic, cultural, and philosophic war problems, 1,590; war laws and legal questions, 295; care of souls, and religious matters, 1,128; belles-lettres, 1,696; various, 65. In the earlier months of the war, works of a religious character held the first place in respect to numbers, but they have been displaced by the ever-increasing quantity of novels, tales, and poems. Members of all parties, representatives of every phase of thought, and people of all ranks have contributed their quota to the new literature. Consequently, much of it is worthless, while a still larger portion had, or has, only momentary interest. War enthusiasm has found perfervid expression in innumerable poems and popular songs, not to mention a very considerable number of pieces for the stage. Army chaplains have published volumes of their sermons, as well as their colleagues in the Fatherland. There is no phase of thought connected with the world-war which has not received exhaustive treatment, but the scope of the present article permits only of a brief review of the main currents.

The White Book published by the German Government in August, 1914, has been supplemented by several other official publications. On January 26th, 1915, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* contained a lengthy article by Dr. Helfferich, Minister of Finance. It has

since been issued in book form,* and is much quoted by other writers. Helfferich endeavors, in an analysis of the English White Book, the French Yellow Book, and the Orange Book of Russia, to show that the Triple Entente is responsible for the war. His first point is that Russia was the immediate disturber of the peace by mobilizing on July 31st. Ignoring the fact that the attitude of the Central Powers compelled Russia to take military measures to enforce the recognition of her rights, Helfferich's date for Russia's mobilization is incorrect. Belgium's diplomatic representative in Petrograd wrote a secret report to his Government on July 30th, 1914, in which he (Monsieur B. de l'Escaille) expressly stated that the order had been issued for Russia's mobilization at 4 A.M. on that day. This report fell into the hands of the German postal authorities, and has been extensively employed as a weapon to clear Germany of blame. On the same day (July 30th), M. de l'Escaille wrote that England had already promised to assist France in case of an appeal to arms. News of the assurance had been wired to Petrograd, and this factor gave the Russian war party the upper hand.

During the summer the Kaiser's Government re-issued the earlier White Book, and included a number of new documents.† Besides M. de l'Escaille's secret report to his Government, the additional matter includes:—Diplomatic reports from German ambassadors sent to Berlin in 1913-14; Lichnowsky's negotiations with Sir Edward Grey; documents found in the archives of the General Staff, Brussels (*Conventions Anglo-belges*); papers found on the

*Karl Helfferich: *Die Entstehung des Weltkriegs im Lichte der Veröffentlichungen der Dreierbandmächte*. Mittler & Sohn, Berlin.
†Aktenstücke zum Kriegsausbruch. Herausgegeben vom Auswärtigen Amte.

person of Mr. Grant-Watson, British Legation Secretary in Brussels; an account of a military survey of Belgium made by the British General Staff, in four volumes, published in the years 1912-14. There is only one point in the Brussels documents which deserves mention, because Germans continually emphasize it. (The papers are reproduced in facsimile and a German translation given.) The passage occurs in a document dated April 23d (1912):—

Le Gouvernement britannique, lors des derniers événements, aurait débarqué immédiatement chez nous, même si nous n'avions pas demandé de secours.

Le Général (Jungbluth) a objecté qu'il faudrait pour cela notre consentement.

L'Attaché militaire (Lt.-Colonel Bridges) a répondu qu'il le savait, mais que comme nous n'étions pas à même d'empêcher les Allemands de passer chez nous, l'Angleterre aurait débarqué ses troupes en Belgique en tout état de cause.

But the most interesting collection of stolen Belgian documents is, undoubtedly, the work called *Belgische Aktenstücke*, 1905-1914. It contains 150 quarto pages, including a number of facsimiles, and is sold by the Berlin Government at a fraction under sixpence. A great many of these supposed "revelations" have been made public as posters in Belgian towns and cities, in order to persuade the population that they had been betrayed by their own Government. The work in question contains 119 secret diplomatic reports sent to the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs by that country's diplomatists in London, Paris, and Berlin during the period 1905 to 1914. It is a matter for regret that these gentlemen expressed opinions for the most part hostile to the policy of the Triple Entente. They considered the latter to be a danger to the peace of Europe, and Baron Greindl (Berlin) was, on many occasions, just as

caustic in his comments on this country as he was enthusiastic in eulogizing Germany. His German sympathies may have been inherited, for German newspapers claim that he is of German extraction. On the whole, the documents contain nothing new. There is nothing in them which has not been expressed in pro-German organs in this and other lands for years past. For purposes of propaganda in neutral countries the find was opportune for the German Government; but as "historical origins" they rank no higher than *Pepys' Diary*, and most unfortunate of all—especially for Belgium—the tragic sequence of events in the autumn of 1914 has proved the opinions they contain to have been false judgments.

Another bulky volume is the *White Book** on alleged atrocities by Belgian civilians during the first weeks of the war. It is a quarto volume of 332 pages, including an introduction stating the charges, the remainder (326 pages) consisting of sworn evidence given by members of the German Army. At the present moment it would be impossible to refute the "evidence" adduced, for reasons too obvious to reiterate. Yet it is of interest to note that a large part of it has already been undermined by German authorities—members of the Roman Catholic priesthood. When the alleged atrocities by Belgian civilians, including boys and girls of tender age, were reported to the German Press, a society of priests (*Pax Gesellschaft*) in Cologne made it its business to follow them up by inquiring at the next Divisional Headquarters or even at the Berlin War Office for confirmation. It would seem that they were able to obtain an official denial in every single case which came under their notice. During the present year the Pax Society placed their documentary evidence at the disposal of the Rev. Bern-

**Die völkerrechtswidrige Führung des belgischen Volkskriegs*. Published by the German Foreign Office, July, 1915 (price 10 marks).

hard Duhr, S.J., who edited and published a considerable section under the title, *The Spirit of Lying in the War of Nations: War Legends collected by Bernhard Duhr, S.J.** It is certainly ironical to find the Kaiser, in his telegram to President Wilson (September, 1914), accusing the Belgians—women and priests—of committing all kinds of nameless deeds on his wounded soldiers, especially by mutilation and gouging out their eyes, while Herr Duhr states emphatically that there was not a single instance of gouged-out eyes. His proofs include the denials of the story by directors of military hospitals in all parts of Germany. The book is interesting as a psychological study of the effects of war upon the popular imagination, but it may further possess historical value. The documents collected by the priests all bear an official character and contradict the charges in the Government's White Book. It is remarkable that the German Censor ever permitted Herr Duhr to publish them. Yet it would seem that the German authorities have discovered the error, for on December 8th, 1915, German newspapers announced that the War Office had seized the book and ordered its withdrawal from the book trade, as well as from all public libraries.

A considerable section of German war books treats of the German administration in Belgium. Two are official publications, viz.: *Belgium under German Administration*, by Friedrich, Freiherr von Bissing; and *Belgium, the Land and Its People*, published by order of the German Imperial Government. The question, however, which has made the strongest appeal to German casuists is the one touching Belgium's neutrality. They admit that Germany's signature was binding, but plead that the said neutrality had ceased to exist some years before Germany invaded Belgium. They

**Der Lügengeist im Völkerkrieg. Kriegsmärchen gesammelt von Bernhard Duhr, S.J.* Munich, 1915.

argue that France and England had undermined Belgian neutrality, with the connivance of Belgium herself. Several professors of jurisprudence and international law have written on the topic, notably Professor Hampe (Heidelberg) in *Belgium Past and Present*, and Professor Reinhard Frank (Munich) in *Belgium Neutrality, Its Origin, Significance, and End*. The latter booklet of forty pages seems to enjoy official sanction, for English and French translations have been published quite recently. Just as Germans have written for a century to prove that the British were defeated at Waterloo, we may assume they will be busy for a long time to come in demonstrating that the German invasion of Belgium was not what Bethmann-Hollweg called it in the Reichstag on August 4th, 1914—"a breach of international law."

The German Chancellor's admission that his country was "technically" in the wrong has called forth many afterthoughts endeavoring to show that Germany was committing neither a moral nor a technical offense in entering the territories of Luxemburg and Belgium. Dr. Kohler, Professor of Jurisprudence in Berlin University, has published a work* justifying the necessity-knows-no-law theory and practice. Kohler appeals to the dicta of mediæval law, and supports his standpoint by quotations up till the nineteenth century, arriving at the conclusion that Germany was "not only under the pressure of necessity, but acting on the defense, as a French attack through Belgium was imminent." Several writers openly announce that the Chancellor's position as defined in his first war speech is untenable, i.e., he defined the true state of affairs erroneously, and, in order to get over his admissions, appeal only to his second war speech (December 2d, 1914).

*Joseph Kohler: *Not kennt kein Gebot*. Berlin, 1915.

Three replies to *J'accuse* have appeared, and, judging by their tone, the "renegade German" has aroused the ire of his countrymen. A wounded German soldier relates in his short work* that the French amused themselves throwing copies of the original into the German trenches. The second is from the pen of a "Swiss neutral" named Leo Weber, but the booklet betrays little neutrality in tone. According to Weber the author of *J'accuse* is a German lawyer, Dr. Richard Grelling, who had been compelled to flee from Berlin on account of certain dishonorable actions. Lastly, Professor Schiemann of Berlin University, has entered the lists with a book, *The Slanderer*,* in which he combats the various accusations made by the anonymous author. His anger may be judged by the concluding paragraph:—

In conclusion, just a word with the "accuser." He calls his work a book of truth. In reality it is a collection of disgraceful slanders, inspired by the vanity of a man banished from his native soil; it is an act of revenge for his own guilty past, a past which compels him to take refuge in anonymity. A man from whom every German will turn away in scornful disgust, and a man of whom it will be said when his name is made known for public contempt: God forbid that our children, or their children, shall become as this man, who, in the midst of our awful struggle for existence, sank to the depth of becoming the herald of Germany's enemies.

In the general mobilization of German brains, the university intellectuals—past and present—have displayed extraordinary activity in the domain of war literature. There is, however, one factor which should be taken into account in considering the publications of the university wits. German professors

are civil servants entirely dependent upon the good will of the powers that be, i.e., the State. Immediately after being appointed to a professor's chair (or as lecturer) in any German university, the man "called" must take the *Staatseid* (oath to the State). Hence, absolute objectivity is scarcely to be expected in the opinions of any German who has sworn the unconditional fealty expressed in the oath in question. As a writer on questions concerning the internal or external actions of the State, a professor is reduced to the level of a mere propagandist. For the most part the form of publication has been in accordance with this spirit and purpose, which means, in other words, that hundreds of pamphlets have been issued at a uniform price of 6d. One series, bearing the serial title *Der deutsche Krieg* (The German War), contains nearly one hundred pamphlets, and has been contributed to by Professors Eucken (The World-Historical Significance of the German Idea), Meyer (Wherein Lies England's Guilt), Marcks (Where Are We?), Schücking (The Character of the English People), as well as some thirty other university professors. Tübingen University has its own series, entitled *Durch Kampf zum Frieden* (Through Storm to Peace), published in fortnightly numbers. It would be outside the limits of this essay to review the contents of German war pamphlets; it will suffice to state that every phase of the world war is dealt with and every side of national character of the nations involved, from Kiau Chau to Ostend and from the Jap to the Irishman. The professorial *magnum opus*, however, is to be had in book form, *Deutschland und der Weltkrieg* (Germany and the World War), edited by Professors Hintze, Meinecke, Oncken and Schumacher. Sixteen other well-known scholars have contributed to the work, which is probably the most important of all Germany's war books.

**J'accuse! Aus den Aufzeichnungen eines feldgrauen Akademikers.* Berlin, 1915.

*Professor Schiemann: *Ein Verleumder.* Berlin, 1915.

The authors were given official assistance including access to the Government archives. There are in all twenty-three separate essays, divided into five sections:—Germany's Position in the World, Germany's Allies, The Might Policy of Our Opponents, Previous History and Outbreak of the War, and The Spirit of War.

Professor Oncken (Heidelberg) is responsible for nearly the whole of Section IV, which the present writer has dealt with in another place.* From the remaining material the most noteworthy seems to be Professor Ernst Troeltsch's (Berlin) article in Section I, *Der Geist der Deutschen Kultur* (The Spirit of German Culture). It distinguishes itself from a large quantity of literature—including Prof. Lasson's effusions on German "peerlessness"—on the subject by reserve and an honest endeavor to appreciate the work of other nations. Troeltsch refers to the "abuse speeches" made by Homeric heroes before their mortal combats, and points out that the same spirit has seized the masses of the nations contending in the world war. His essay is an attempt to cross swords with English and French writers who have attacked German *Kultur*.

But that which we see today surpasses everything of its kind which has gone before; it is a new weapon of warfare made possible by the modern Press. It is nothing but a crusade or culture-war against Germany, which exploits all existing differences to create a universal, unconquerable antipathy. This war of nations is justified in the hate literature as a kind of execution, an international proscription. England has taken over the leading rôle in this culture-war. As an example, the astounding words of Professor Sayce in the *Times*, December 22d, 1914, may be cited. The present incitement of the whole world and the hunger-war appear to be only justifiable when the

annihilation of Germany is in the interests of humanity, when the moral degeneration of the Germans makes that step necessary. Hence a huge campaign, a veritable hypnotizing of the masses, has been engineered in order to justify this kind of warfare before the eyes of the world and to further it. The execution of the idea is as clever as its conception. First, the daily papers, for which the grossest and most grotesque methods are sufficient, make their readers shudder at the Huns, barbarians and baby murderers. The masses require coarse methods which are easily supplied by pictures and films made for the occasion. Secondly, there is the finer literature of the learned world, scholars and famous writers, which describes with scientific proofs the inferiority or the danger of the German spirit—at least in its deplorable modern developments.

Later, the writer sums up Germany's spirit with the words:—

The German is by nature a metaphysician and hypercritic, who strives to understand the world and things, man and fate, from within, from the standpoint of the spiritual inwardness of the universe. It would be idle to attempt an explanation of the origin and spread of this prevailing trait. But it is the innermost life-secret of the Germans, one which has caused much dispute amongst us, the motive inspiring immeasurable sacrifice and suffering, the force which has achieved greatly, and the problem of an ever new adjustment to the practical demands of life and its material demands.

In essentials the German spirit always occupies itself with fundamentals, expression, and motive; not with lines, form, symmetry, or *finesse*. The deeplying differences between the German and Latin peoples are based upon its profound antithesis. Among the latter, art stands in much closer relationship to the immediate forms and instincts of life. This finds ample expression in the culture-war, and for many it forms the actual reason for the charge of barbarism, just as the French

**What Germany Thinks*, Chapter XI.

in the classical period declared the Renaissance poet, Shakespeare, to be a drunken barbarian, and the Italians looked upon Northern Gothic as barbaric art. From this source a mass of international verdicts have arisen and been stamped as axioms in the elegant phrases of French journalism. Above all, they have found welcome among the Anglo-Saxons, who have been altogether robbed of any exact artistic traditions by their business instincts and Puritanism. As regards this point further dispute is useless.

It is remarkable that foreigners are unable to recognize German idealism—which they brandmark as political immaturity, when the latter applies itself to social and political problems and treats them in a manner suitable to German history, instead of acting according to French or English suppositions, which to them appear to be natural laws. By the intimate connection between the State and culture, German social-philosophy cannot be what the French and English democracies wish it to be. In that respect it is purely idealistic. German philosophy and the potato-bread spirit of which Lloyd George speaks, belong together, just as English philosophy and the miners' strike.

In comparing the French, English, and German conceptions of personal liberty, Professor Troeltsch writes:

France's idea of freedom is based upon the principle of equality, but in practice it does not prevent power from falling into the hands of plutocrats and lawyers. The English idea postulates the independence of the individual from the State. Without doubt both of them contain, and have indeed realized, mighty developments in social and political life. But the German idea of liberty is entirely different. Emerging from centuries of subjection, the German found freedom in education (*Bildung*) and in the intellectual or spiritual contents of his individual personality. German freedom will never be purely political; it will always be bound up with the idealistic concept of duty and

the Romantic egoistic idea. Parliaments are necessary; but in our eyes, they are not the essence of freedom. The right to vote and the assistance of the people in matters of government develop political maturity, but this is not freedom as we understand it. The great national cultures all have their advantages and disadvantages, but the world has room for them all. The longer the war of weapons has lasted, the bitterer has the culture-war become. For our part we know that in the first place it is not a war of principles and ideas, but a fight for our existence. In the first place, we are fighting for the right to live; but our political existence as a Great Power means at the same time the spirit of unconquerable belief that the world-principle of liberty does not include English direction of the moral-political order of things, in this world, nor that the seas should be under English domination.

It would be a grave error to suppose that educated Germans are not well informed as to the public opinion of this country. Speeches delivered in the House of Commons, as well as other public utterances, are reported in the German Press. Their war literature contains innumerable quotations from British war books, while some smaller works have been translated and circulated in Germany—e.g., Mr. Norman Angell's *Will the War End Prussian Militarism?*, articles by members of the U.D.C.; and Mr. Blatchford's pamphlet, etc. Count Reventlow has edited all the speeches delivered by members of the British Government down to September 30th, and published them under the title, *The Hypocrisy of English Ministers*. In short, it is safe to assume that the Germans are more thoroughly informed concerning our currents of national thought than we are of theirs. Yet the bitterness against this country shows few signs of abatement. Several professors have undertaken the task of enlightening Germans on England and English character. In each case the

resulting picture is more or less a distortion. Professors Schröder (Cologne), Schücking (Jena), Franz (Tübingen), Wilhelm Wundt* (Leipzig), and Eduard Meyer (Berlin) are a few of the many who have attempted this particular task.

Professor Meyer's work bears the title *England*, and on account of the author's reputation deserves attention; moreover, it seems to have attained some degree of fame, as a popular edition has been issued. Chapter XXI treats of "England's methods of warfare, and the moral decay of the English." A few passages from this source will suffice to illustrate what the intellectual think of the war and England's participation. Although Heinrich von Treitschke expressly allowed the employment of colored subjects in warfare, the whole of modern Germany expresses the bitterest anger at the action of France and Great Britain in sending colored troops to help repel the German attack. Professor Meyer writes:—

In like manner England is not ashamed to let loose hordes of yellow, brown, and black men against Germany. The two peoples (England and France) who announce themselves to be the champions of culture against the Huns, are indeed worthy of one another. Little as the nations recognize it, still it is an indisputable fact that Germany's war against England is in reality a war for the freedom of the seas and true independence for the nations of the world.

The Contemporary Review.

Worst of all the things, however, which the war has brought to light, is the ruthlessness shown by England and the appalling decadence of English character. The world knew long ago how many lies and empty phrases were hidden behind the English cloak of hypocrisy, how little the Englishman cares about "fair play" when his own advantage is concerned; but no one had imagined the depths of immorality which the war has revealed. We have found that the English gentleman shrinks from no crime, not even murder,[†] so long as he can preserve outward appearances.

Still, the most disgusting of all is the campaign of lies which England has employed. It reveals a moral decadence from which one turns with scorn. No slander is too base for them, no lie too stupid, and it makes no difference when the lie is exposed on the following day. With this system they have had a great but passing success, for in other countries sober opinion is gaining the upper hand, and the time will come when England, too, will come to her senses.

Discussing Germany's submarine warfare, a footnote added after the *Lusitania* crime illustrates Professor Meyer's mentality: it runs "In the meantime this policy has been carried out, and let us hope it will go on with undiminished ruthlessness without regard to the screams of neutrals—above all, those raised by America."

Thomas F. A. Smith.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST.

The end of the War is not yet in sight. But whatever that end may be—whether a victory for the Allies which brings Germany to her knees,

*Wilhelm Wundt: *Die Nationen und ihre Philosophie*. Leipzig, 1915.

†Professor Meyer explains in his second preface, written in August, 1915, what he is implying. He reproduces a letter, said to have been written by a British diplomatist to one, Adler Christensen, promising the latter £5,000, to be paid by the British Government, if Christensen would inveigle Sir Roger Casement into the hands of the British.

or a victory for the Unholy Alliance (which the Lord forbid), or what is much more probable, an unsatisfactory peace which pleases neither group of

The incriminating letter, however, is not given in facsimile, neither does Sir Roger Casement reproduce it in either of the following works which are in the writer's possession:—*Die Ursachen des Krieges* (The Causes of the War), *Die Achilles Ferse Englands* (England's Achilles Heel), *Britisch versus deutsches Imperium* (British versus German Imperium). Another work on the Irish question is *Deutschland's Sieg, Irland's Hoffnung* (Germany's Victory, Ireland's Hope).

combatants—one thing is certain. Whatever the result, Germany will never forgive us for having entered the War, and come to the assistance of France and Russia.

Germany entered light-heartedly upon her self-imposed task of smashing-up Europe for her own ends with the firm conviction that Great Britain would take no part in the war. Her grounds were mainly these:—

1. That it would be against our self-interest to do so, and therefore that it was unthinkable.

2. That we were not prepared, from a military point of view, to assist the other members of the Entente.

3. That we were threatened with a revolution and civil war in Ireland.

4. That, were we to go to war, both India and the Colonies would revolt and seek their independence.

As is always the case in their foreign prognostications, Germany was utterly and hopelessly wrong; and for this she will never forgive us.

"Nun kann's losgehen!"* telegraphed a certain member of the German Embassy in London when, on that memorable Sunday in July, the 2d Battalion K.O.S.B., irritated beyond endurance by the Dublin mob, turned and fired several shots into the crowd. The story also goes that this same gentleman had been warmly assured by one of the minor lights of our Cabinet that, whatever happened, nothing would induce the British Government to go to war. So that he had some grounds to go on. But the immediate healing of the feud between North and South in presence of a common danger gave him the lie at once.

As regards our self-interest, the Germans judged us by the opinions of their own professors, who were, as usual wrong.

*"Now we can go ahead!"

Though right, of course, about our want of military strength on land, they were blinded by their own faith in the efficacy of big battalions and nothing else, and could not imagine that a weak military Power like ourselves, even with the assistance of the Navy, would have the effrontery to enter the lists on land against the ever-victorious armies of the Fatherland.

As for the fourth thesis, India and the Colonies gave even within the first week, a glorious answer to the calumny.

Finally, to the Germans, judging others by the light of their own perfidy, it was simply inconceivable that any nation, for the sake of a treaty made seventy-five years ago, should jeopardize its very existence, and plunge into the biggest war of all time, without any object in view except the maintenance of its national honor.

On finding her calculations so grievously upset, Germany gave free rein to her fury and hate. Hence the undignified attitude of her Chancellor and the "scrap of paper" episode; hence the spiteful proclamation regarding "French's contemptible little Army"; hence the source of the stream of slanderous lies which has been flowing ever since through the "inspired" and un-inspired newspapers of the Fatherland. As the conviction gradually forced itself on Germany that the entrance of Great Britain into the fray might mean the eventual ruin of her plans, the poison spread. No slander was too ridiculous, no lie was too preposterous to publish about England. The ignorant professors of the "Stubengelehrten" class, whose word is accepted as gospel throughout the country *because* they are labeled Professors (I am not exaggerating), vied with each other in ink-slitting of the most outrageous description. The nation grew hysterical with rage. The silly "Hymn of Hate"

(an adaptation of an old South German song originally directed against Prussia) was received with thunders of applause and its author decorated. Lying stories of barbarities committed by our soldiers were invented and circulated with the object of affording an excuse for the inhuman treatment of British prisoners, and for the breaking of the Hague and Geneva Conventions. The childish "Gott strafe England" was passed from mouth to mouth with frantic appreciation, and the hatred of England was, and is, systematically taught to the youngsters in schools throughout the land.

What are we to think of this? Whither will it lead? It is easier to answer the first question than the second. Our opinion can only be that it forms the most contemptible exhibition that any great nation has ever made of itself. That a modern civilized nation should not only lose its temper but its self-control because of its own miscalculation is despicable enough; but that it should go further and deliberately and officially vilify, and by means of deliberate lies inculcate in the younger generation a deep-grained hatred of another country, whose only crime was to try and uphold the rights of nations—surely this touches the lowest depths of infamy.

But here we must guard against a very natural tendency in our criticism. As a civilized people, we regard this contemptible exhibition from our own point of view. We *know* that these slanderous statements of the German world (and others) are untrue; we could prove each of them untrue a dozen times over, and by a dozen different chains of evidence. Many of these lies have been exposed, officially and unofficially, in the Press not only of Great Britain but of other countries as well; and we know that our newspapers penetrate Germany and are eagerly read.

We therefore imagine that the Ger-

mans know both sides of the questions at issue, and fondly take the unctious to our souls that, after all, these are only official German lies, told with a purpose and intended only to impress the ignorant Teuton with the object of urging on the war, and that the better-educated German, who after all knows both sides, must therefore be aware that the statements of his Government are untrue.

"Truth will prevail," says the fatuous Briton; and after the war is over, thinks he, the Germans will recognize that we did not instigate the war, that we never were guilty of those barbarities attributed to us, and that our dealings throughout were straightforward, gentleman-like, and honorable. Once we have licked the Germans we shall not bear a grudge against them; and although the memory of their slanders may rankle a little, yet, knowing that they will acknowledge that their Government had purposely misled them with spiteful stories, we will graciously forgive them, and we shall be friends again.

Oh, innocent and hapless fool!

As has been repeated *ad nauseam*, the German is ruled by the official with a rod of iron. From the nursery upwards his one lesson has been to submit himself to authority. As he grows up, the authority becomes professorial, then military, then political. Unless he is a Social Democrat, he will never question the statements of authority. He swallows them down, as he has been taught to do since infancy, and asks for more. He does not ask whether they are true. Truth is a relative term with him. The Government Authority, in fact, has said that the British have done certain scandalous things—murdered, let us say, 250 German women in the Scilly Islands, seized and interned the President of Brazil, sunk a Dutch cruiser; anything else you like. The Government has said

it. Therefore not only is it true, but it must be true.

You could take a German and prove to him that there never have been any German women in the Scilly Islands, and that if there had been, we should have had no object in murdering them; that the last thing we should do would be to offer violence to any Brazilians, and that in any case we have neither troops nor men in Brazil to take the necessary action; and you could produce irrefutable evidence that the Dutch ship was sunk by a German submarine. The German even perhaps a former Anglophil, will shake his head, or use strong language, according to his kind, and will have but one answer: "The Government has said so, therefore it is true"; and he will go on believing it to the end of his life.

I remember talking to a certain Bavarian Royalty, a dear old gentleman in all else, about the Transvaal War. His fixed idea, of course, was that we had started the war in order to seize the gold mines of Johannesburg. I went into the matter at some length and proved to him by what I knew were half a dozen perfectly sound arguments that he was quite wrong. He did not try to refute my arguments, but merely smiled and shook his head, and said: "Of course, that is what you English say; but it is not so." Finally, I suggested that as he was half way there already (we were in Cairo), he'd better go to South Africa and see for himself. He only smiled again gently and shook his head.

The most serious of the many lies with which the German Government and newspapers have inoculated their people is of course the oft-repeated statement that it was Great Britain which forced this great war on a reluctant Europe; and this in spite of Germany having declared war herself with the firm conviction that Great Britain would not fight! This lie has,

of course, been spread far and wide and greedily swallowed by not only the whole population of Germany, but by Austria as well. It is not surprising that Austria should believe it, for she is entirely ignorant of everything beyond the end of her own nose. But in Germany men in authority and power, men who prepared and engineered the war themselves, men who have devoted their lives to forcing German hegemony on the world, knowing that it could be done by war alone, men who were actually responsible for the declaration of war and *know* that the war was entirely due to the initiative of Germany, these men now really and sincerely believe that the war was started by England.

Such a state of mind it is difficult to understand. But the German mind is not governed by logic—it is governed by authority. And to Germans a lie repeated often enough and by sufficient authority becomes the truth. They put aside their reasoning powers, they doff their individuality, their intelligence, and their self-respect, and they lay what is left of their intellect slavishly at the feet of authority.

Thus it comes about that in matters affecting international relations, and in many others besides, we must not judge the German by our own standards, either of right and wrong, or of morality, or of truthfulness. He does not understand these things as we understand them. Remember that he has been strictly brought up in the creed of "Might is Right," and "Deutschland über Alles"—in these two mottoes his whole education lies expressed. And he lives up to them, *inter alia*, by despising our standards of honor and jeering at what we are pleased to call the Christian virtues (though why Christianity should have a monopoly thereof I know not). To him everything is "right" that drives forward the cause of Teutonic supremacy—

everything. That is his morality, his Kultur; that represents his Bible. Even the idea of a Supreme Being is subordinated to the conception of a god who is a German god (I really cannot honor him with a big G), whose one function it is to see that the affairs of Germany prosper. Pushfulness, insolence, roughness, brutality, disregard of fair play, all are exalted as the estimable attributes of the German MAN who is occupied in driving forward the interests of the German Empire. Even ordinary civility to women is looked down upon as being a weakness unworthy of the Man: and to those who have seen the normal crush of a crowd at a theatre or elsewhere in Germany this will come as no surprise; the men elbowing and forcing their way through, quite regardless of the unfortunate ladies in their way.

"Truth," to the German, then, does not present itself in the least as it does to us. To him, truth is that version of facts which best suits the progress of the German Empire. (This remark, I should perhaps add, is not intended as satirical—it is made in sober earnest.) He therefore believes things to be "true" which are demonstrably untrue, and which he *knows* to be untrue according to our standards. But he easily forces himself to believe them, if by believing them he can in any way uphold the interests of his country; he would, in fact, consider it disloyal to do otherwise.

I have no wish to discourse on the morality or otherwise of this standard, so different from our own. But what I do wish to emphasize is the fact that it is now the universal German standard of thought. It was not so when I first knew Germany forty years ago. In those days the standard of morality was, broadly, the same as our own. But the ambition of the parvenu, the striving after Weltmacht, and the swelled head which accompanies the material

prosperity of the self-made man, have driven the "Christian" standard to hide its head in a few out-of-the-way corners in Saxony and Southern Germany.

And here again is another unpleasant side of the German's character. He is intolerably inquisitive and mischief-making, and always interfering in other people's business. As a mild instance I might give the following personal case—for it is typical.

Several years ago some distant German cousins of mine came to London for a few weeks. A member of the German Embassy, who knew them and whom I knew but slightly, came to me after about ten days, and asked me why I had not yet asked them to dinner! As he went on to say that I ought to have done so at once, and was surprised that I had not, I told him politely to mind his own business, and he went away exceedingly puzzled and rather hurt.

We see again this trait strongly marked in the Chancellor's recent speech in the Reichstag on the 5th April, where he declares that Germany intends to save Belgium and the Flemish race against harm from England and France, and the Poles, Letts, and Baltic peoples from the terrible domination of Russia; to put their affairs in order for them, and to extend the beneficent administration of the Teutonic Empire over them. We should be interested to know whether a single individual of any of these unfortunate races ever asked for such assistance from a Power whose one idea of "administering" conquered peoples is to crush them to the ground for the benefit of Germany.

These evil influences have, again, produced a state of mind which may briefly be expressed as a total inability to see that Germany, or Germans, could ever be in the wrong. So convinced are they that German methods are immeasurably the finest in the world, that

they literally *cannot* understand that other nationalities do not see the question in the same light. Quite sincerely they take up the position of the school-master who considers that the naughty boy must be taught what is good for him, and who intends to thrash him till he learns. It is almost pathetic—not to say humorous—to see the way in which the Germans proclaim their intention to regenerate Europe for its own benefit, and cry aloud that once the world is regulated by Prussian police methods there will be peace and prosperity for all concerned and forever afterwards.

Bearing then these things in mind, we may be quite certain that, after the war, Germany will continue to hate us with a deadly, increasing, and entirely incommensurate hatred. She will in no way recognize that she has brought her own ruin on her own head. She will say, and will firmly believe—without the possibility of being convinced otherwise—that England brought the war about, and that all her disasters, financial and otherwise, are to be laid at England's door alone.

"It was the barbarous English," she will cry, "who brought our women and children to the verge of starvation. It is they who have destroyed our merchant fleet and driven our trade off the seas. It is they who have brought ruin to our financial houses. It is they who planned for many years to bring this about, because they were jealous of us, and who raised the rest of Europe against us. Vengeance! vengeance! Let us educate our children and our children's children to hate this false and cowardly Power. Let us make friends with France and Russia; let us strive with patience and cunning to embroil the world against her, whilst luring her on with soothing promises and honeyed words. And when our fleet is big enough—then . . . !"

How is this to be met?

This is a serious situation; for it means that we have incurred Germany's enmity for good and all, and that we shall forever have to be on our guard against her. Our Navy must be increased, we shall have to keep a very large nucleus of troops in training, and we shall be only moderately safe until the finances of the German Empire are rehabilitated. And then?

Even if Germany gets the worst of it in this present war, she will not take her licking "like a gentleman" (still less like a lady). She will kick, and scream, and intrigue, and backbite, and slander, and call all earth to witness that she is an injured innocent and Great Britain a perjured monster. Even now she is systematically educating her children (*vide* the circular to schools issued at Frankfort-am-Oder) by means of false history and downright lies to hate us. She has no intention or desire to live at peace with us until she has subdued us: and to any effort on our part to make friends she will stick her fingers in her ears.

There are, as far as I can see, only two solutions to this question. One, a somewhat doubtful one, I fear, is to trust to the Social Democrats, who are the only party in any sort of power in Germany who do not slavishly bow the knee to those in authority, and who have the true interests of their country at heart.

The Social Democrats, do not love the English; but they are patriots, in the true sense of the word. They form a vast stratum in the intelligent middle and lower classes, and they hate the insolent and overbearing upper class which provides the Despotie Government that rules them. They are unpleasant people on the whole; but they have sound ideas. Where they fail is in their organization, and it is difficult to see how they can better it.

Could they all work together, they would become a vast power working

for the real good of Germany. But between the moderate Democrat at one end of the scale and the Red Republican at the other, there is a deep gulf fixed. The Moderate Democrat corresponds to what we should call the Moderate Liberal in British politics; the Red Republican is an Anarchist. And the two ends will never work together. Hence we see that the great Federation meetings of Social Democrats invariably come to grief. They meet, they bring forward resolutions, they talk, they squabble, they fight—and the meeting breaks up in disorder. No wonder that the upper classes jeer.

What will happen in their ranks after the war no one can foretell. But were some genius to appear who could combine the warring sections and produce a united party, there might arise a strong Constitutional element which, after much strife, might conceivably lead Germany into the normal paths of civilized peace. As long, however, as the despotic class, backed by bayonets, is on top, there is little chance of this desirable consummation.

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The regeneration of Germany must come from below; and until the lower classes have fair play there will be no regeneration nor reconstitution.

The second solution regards not the interior of Germany, but the Allies.

The German is by nature a bully. He is intolerably brutal and overbearing, even in times of peace, and any one weaker than himself, be it man, woman, child, or dog, he will kick or elbow out of his way. But he has the faults of a bully, and if his weaker adversary stands up to him and hits him hard, he will "climb down" and apologize. But mere argument has no effect; he must be physically hurt if any satisfactory result is to accrue. This fact, by the way, neither our Foreign Office nor the United States seem yet to have grasped.

The moral is obvious. In order to convince an adversary who is totally incapable of understanding obvious facts, logic, or arguments, there is but one method left, which is—to hammer him until he does.

G.

SOME ELDERLY PEOPLE AND THEIR YOUNG FRIENDS.

CHAPTER IX.

"I always have my work, and you can read Bergson," said Jacquetta to her sister the following morning, which was wet.

Tom came down to breakfast rubbing his hands and saying that this was what the country required, and that the garden had been crying out for water. He was cheerful over the wet day, and said to each person who descended to breakfast, "What a day for the ducks, eh?"

Tony said, "There aren't any ducks, are there?"

"That child takes everything very literally," said Tom.

"Mummy, are there any ducks?" Why can't I see ducks? Why did Mr. Beamish say there were ducks if there aren't any ducks? If I'm a good boy may I have ducks, Mummy? Mummy, may I have ducks? When I'm a big man may I have ducks? Well, why can't I have ducks when I'm a big man?"

Mrs. Darling said in a tone of apology to her sister, "Jacquetta always manages him better than anyone else," and wished that her second daughter would appear at breakfast.

"Does Mr. Beamish have ducks?" inquired Tony. "Why doesn't Mr. Beamish have ducks? Then why did

he say it was a good day for the ducks if there aren't any ducks?"

Mrs. Darling took him upstairs presently out of the glare of Tom's eye, and Mr. Beamish, turning to Julia, who still sat behind the tea urn, said to her earnestly, "I have heard men envy fellows having children of their own. Now, will you tell me what earthly pleasure it can be to own that little boy?"

"Poor little chap; children are always a little difficult in wet weather," said Julia sweetly. "I am afraid he won't get out much today."

"Well, I like wet weather," said Tom. "It's very good for the country. I'll take the *Times* to the summer-house if you don't mind, Julia."

"Oh, do, Tom," she said, "and anything else you like, and Annette and I will come and join you presently."

When they came out to the summer-house he had a great piece of news for them—the brown rabbit had come out in spite of the rain.

"There he goes!" said Tom. "See his ears above the grass? No, no, Annette, look in the other direction. Come here, Tony (even Master Darling must not miss the sight), see the rabbit there sitting in the grass!"

"I want ducks," said Master Darling, whose mind was prone to run on the same subject for a long time. "Mr. Beamish, you said there were ducks."

"Well, there aren't any," said Mr. Beamish violently, "and that's all I've got to say on the subject."

"Fibber!" murmured Master Darling below his breath.

"Poor Tom," Mrs. Darling told herself; "he is not accustomed to children."

"I forget what time you said your post goes, Julia," Mr. Beamish remarked about twelve o'clock that morning when they had sat for two hours in the summer-house watching the rain. "There are several letters that I ought to write."

"Oh, but you mustn't think of letters down here," she said.

"No," said Mrs. Darling, "we have come here to enjoy ourselves, not to think about letters."

"That old rabbit is enjoying himself," said Tom. "D'you see him wash his face, eh?"

"I like seeing rabbits wash their faces," said Tony, and asked to be lifted up in order to get a good view.

Mr. Beamish good-naturedly lifted the child to his shoulder, and Tony wiped his boots on the gray suit.

"I might," said Mr. Beamish about one o'clock, "send a telegram instead of writing."

"Is it anything very important?" said Julia, who had been left in the summer-house alone with him. "Because if so I can send Bodnim."

He replied that it was not important, only that it did seem a great waste of time writing letters when one might be enjoying the country.

"Still," he said presently, getting up and stretching his legs, "I daresay it might do one good to take a run before lunch. What time do you lunch? One never seems to do anything but eat in other people's houses."

She said the rain was very heavy just now, but that it might clear presently, and he waited ten minutes longer and then said he thought perhaps writing might do.

"You can't even go out in the rain because it always stops," said Jacquetta to herself as, clad in short skirt and mackintosh, she looked out into the sunny atmosphere of the afternoon.

"Where are you going, Jacquetta?" said Mr. Beamish, "because I don't mind coming with you although I have letters to write."

"I didn't think of going anywhere in particular," said Jacquetta. "I rather thought of stamps."

"But Bodnim will give you plenty of stamps," said Miss Crawley.

She thought the word that Jack uttered was "first-rate," but what she really said was "frustrated."

"I'd really like a walk," said Tom. "but I don't know what I'd do after tea. Between tea and dinner is really the nicest time for a walk."

"Why don't you play three-handed Bridge in the summer-house?" suggested Jack, but they all declared that it would be a shame to play Bridge on an afternoon so beautiful as this had turned out.

Bodnim was seen putting out the striped chairs again. Jacquetta began scribbling in her notebook, and it was not many days afterwards that the public read in the front pages of a journal, "In the arid waste of this existence there are certain privileges still possible, but these are exclusively reserved for one man who deprives us of our day's occupations ruthlessly, and even takes the solitary telegram which we can raise amongst us to be dispatched to the post-office. Our day's occupation thus gone, we return to the encampment under the trees."

"I wonder you don't have Willie Macpherson down," Mr. Beamish said that afternoon. Perhaps the suggestion about Bridge had put the idea into his head. "He can always get away now that he has this new appointment, and it seems a beastly shame to enjoy this life down here and not let him share it, eh, Julia?"

"If it were to become wet again we might really have a game of Bridge," said Annette looking at her sister.

"But three make a very good game," she faltered.

"Not half as good as four," protested Tom. "Of course we should not dream of playing in lovely weather like this, but if there came another day for the——"

He stopped in time, seeing that Tony was listening.

"I think Mr. Macpherson would like to come down, Julia," said Mrs. Darling.

She smiled vaguely and said, "Don't you think we are very happy as we are?" and both her guests protested that they were perfectly content.

They went for a walk single file through the woods again and sniffed the fresh air delightedly, and at tea-time a very pleasant event occurred, when Mr. and Mrs. Deedes and Miss Deedes came to call.

The Deedes had always liked Miss Crawley and her sister and Mr. Beamish too. But they never had any idea that they themselves were so popular with these friends. Miss Crawley, always courteous, received them with every expression of pleasure, and Mr. Beamish was more than cordial. Mr. Deedes had evidently come a considerable number of miles to say that their garden had been suffering from want of water, and to remark that the rain would do it good. Mrs. Deedes derived pleasure from eating teacakes other than her own, and Tom recommended a good old-fashioned soda cake which was always made from a receipt of his mother's given to Miss Crawley long ago. Miss Deedes nervously played with a little bag which she nervously clasped and unclasped until invited to go and try and find the girls. Tea being finished, the callers were begged to remain a little longer; the beams of the house and the chintz bedrooms were displayed to them, and Tom, with a proprietary air, pointed out how much better it would have been if the croquet lawn had been laid out on the other side of the yew hedge. The disturbance of callers in the garden had prevented the brown rabbit from coming out to seek his evening meal, but he told the Deedes all about it.

"Every night about six o'clock he comes out, and we see him sitting there in the grass with his long ears just appearing."

Mr. Deedes agreed with him in the interest that these country sights provoked, but said he could not get his daughter to pay any attention to them whatever.

"That is the modern way," said Mr. Beamish. "Young people nowadays care for nothing but London and excitements."

"I get an enormous amount of pleasure just from watching the habits of these animals," said Mr. Deedes.

"Oh, so do I," said Tom heartily, "an enormous amount of pleasure."

Just then the rabbit appeared, which was really very civil of him, and when he ran away they all remarked on his little white tail, which Mr. Deedes, being a thorough country gentleman, called a seat.

"Well, Deedes, I am delighted to have seen you," said Tom when he took his departure. The visit had been a success in every way, and during the drive home Mrs. Deedes remarked that she had never known how charming the sisters were, while Miss Deedes, who had been for a walk round the garden with Jemima and Jack, remained silent, trying to remember an epigrammatic remark which the younger Miss Darling had made, to the intent that the country was "an asylum for the inappropriate."

The party on the lawn talked long about their callers after they had left, and an old discussion was reopened on the subject of the right way to pronounce their name in the plural. Tom inclined to say "the Deedeses," and the sisters preferred "the Deedes." Argued thoroughly, and examples on many other similar names being given, the subject lasted till bedtime.

"I wonder you don't ask Willie

Macpherson down," said Mr. Beamish again, on the fourth day.

No one guessed at Julia's embarrassment; she hid her feelings well. She said she was sure that Mr. Macpherson would find their quiet life very dull, which brought forth immediate protests from both her hearers who felt some surprise that Julia did not respond more readily to their suggestion. She seemed, however, to be obdurate, and, after all, the house was her own and she must invite the guests she chose.

"Only if there should happen to come a wet day again, of course Willie would make a fourth at Bridge."

When the second post arrived, bringing the usual feeling of exhilaration with it, there was a letter from the professor saying that he would like very much if he might come and spend a few days at Dobb's Hall.

Miss Crawley, always transparent in her dealings, would have considered it almost dishonest to keep secret from her friends the contents of the letter.

With the confession of what Willie had written (and the note was a brief one, unadorned and formal) there was nothing for it but to send him an invitation.

"Though what I am to do with them both together I really don't know," said Julia to herself. In fancy, she allowed herself to think of the two men requiring a good deal of tactful handling, and she exaggerated the difficulty there would be in keeping them apart. Miss Crawley was not a vain woman, but the country had bred in her a taste for romantic dreams.

Mr. Macpherson did not propose coming till early in the following week, but his visit was something to look forward to and was much discussed. Meanwhile the days waxed longer, and the weather was commented upon some scores of times every day. Not that it varied much, but remarks concerning it were believed to have a poignancy of

their own. Jemima got fresh letters every day and thrust them into the front of her blouse as of yore, and then she would go and sit with them in the wood, accompanied by a volume of *Sordello* in limp calf which she never opened. Jacquetta filled up her unaccustomed leisure by taking long walks, and when she and her sister returned from woodland glade or dusty highway, their mother always said, "Well, darlings?" to them, as though expecting news. She was one of those women who sit at home a good deal and say, "Well, darling?" to everybody as they return. Tom was undoubtedly eating too much and not getting enough exercise, and Miss Crawley had been to the vicar to find out what were the objects of local interest in the neighborhood.

The vicar was delighted to give information and exclaimed his surprise, almost amounting to horror, when he ascertained that none of the party had driven over yet to see Hodder's grave. No one knew who Hodder was, but they thought they had heard his name and could not remember at the moment what he had written.

The vicar, horror-struck once more, explained that Hodder was a local celebrity who had written charming lyrics which he thought everyone must have heard about! The vicar, furthermore, talked of him as one of the sweetest singers of the eighteenth century, and said that it was a seven miles drive to Erling Magna where the poet was buried, but that his gravestone with its interesting inscription was well worth a visit.

Miss Crawley had ventured on a morning call to the vicarage, and when she returned and saw her guests sitting under the trees she wished there was some way of entertaining them beyond the simple and not very intellectual method of providing food.

Making the most of the information

that she had procured, she sank into a chair, and announced that that afternoon an expedition was on foot to Erling Magna.

Tom said no one had ever heard of Hodder, and that people with libraries always pretend they know about eighteenth century poets. Jack, who was seeking material for an article, suggested borrowing a volume of Hodder's verses from the vicar, and she said she would be delighted to go over and see the sweet singer's grave.

"Meanwhile," said Mrs. Darling "what could be more delightful than sitting here under the trees?"

"Ah, what indeed?" said Tom.

Miss Crawley, who had been reading a little poetry since coming to Dobb's Hall, quoted the lines:

Annihilating all that's made,
To a green thought in a green shade.

Tom smiled approval; he loved to hear a woman quote poetry, especially if he was familiar with the lines himself. Had the two girls not been present he would have ventured on a little intellectual conversation, but he was always afraid of Jacquetta's moistened pencil.

"You used to write verses," said Miss Crawley to Jemima, with the intention of rousing the poor girl from the languor and silence that had lately fallen upon her.

"Poetry is singing," said Jemima wearily, "and I don't feel inclined to sing."

"I am afraid you don't sleep well, dear," said her aunt.

It turned out that no one slept so well as they had done when first they came to the country. Mr. Beamish remarked that he supposed he must have heard the clock strike every hour last night. This was not true but it made an appeal to pity of which Miss Crawley was not slow to avail herself.

"I hope the clocks don't disturb you, Tom," she said.

"There's a tiresome little cuckoo clock on the staircase," he said, "which always seems to me to say, 'Tut, tut; tut, tut.' It really is a most ill-mannered and irritable bird."

"There is another," said Jacquetta, "which every half hour solemnly says 'Damn.'"

That amused them a little, for the word is admittedly a comic one and shocking, but the grievance of not sleeping well continued.

"It makes one feel deuced irritable the next morning," said Mr. Beamish in excuse for his own not very good-tempered utterances.

"I always think the country is so noisy," remarked Jim. "A reaping machine began at a most hideously early hour this morning."

"Oh, I heard the reaping machine," said Jacquetta, "and that awful dog that barked all night."

Pulling themselves together, they began to praise Nature, in apology to it and to Miss Crawley. Mrs. Darling said that unfolding flowers gave her the greatest pleasure in the world, and Tom said that a good old-fashioned blush rose was the best thing he knew.

"There is something about Nature that makes one feel so contented," said Miss Crawley, entering with a sense of relief into this aspect of the country. "One doesn't want anything else."

"One misses all its charm," said Mrs. Darling, "by not just sitting still and enjoying it."

"I should not go quite as far as that," said Tom, "though I used to know every bird that flew. By the by, where's the old rabbit? I haven't seen him this morning."

Everyone wanted to know where the rabbit was, and when it turned out that the gardener had shot him there was a feeling of loss among the company as though a friend had departed.

Mrs. Darling quoted, "Every pros-

pect pleases, but only man is vile," and sighed profoundly.

Julia was genuinely distressed, and had a vague and uncomfortable feeling that she did not know what Tom would do for amusement now. Half irritably for so sweet and gentle-natured a woman, she wished the girls would do more to entertain him. And yet she knew quite well that there were no complaints to be made against them. Both Jacquetta and Jim were more than kind to their elders. Sometimes Miss Crawley thought they were too kind, and she blamed herself for resenting this, even in thought. They were too helpful in reading small print which she and her sister and Tom were unable to decipher immediately. Always they were quick to give up the most comfortable chair, and yesterday when the vicar, who was sixty and deaf, came to tea, Jacquetta talked a little too loudly to him. After all, there was no need to shout even if a man were sixty and a little deaf.

Miss Crawley was feeling discouraged this morning, and she began to have a hideous suspicion that young people call the elder generation "darling old trots."

"There is no real home except in the country," said Mrs. Darling in soothing platitude. "Who would dream of calling a London house a home."

"I look upon a home as a dry dock for repair," said Jacquetta. "When I have had my head washed and my teeth attended to, I always feel inclined to go away again."

"I wonder you allow her to say such things, Annette," said Mr. Beamish.

"Oh, but I generally take Mamma with me wherever I go," said Jack, giving her mamma an affectionate look.

"Anything to get away," grumbled Tom.

Jack laughed and said, "'Be it ever so humble, it's better than home.'"

"I am easily satisfied," returned Mr. Beamish in a tone of superiority, "but then I am a lover of Nature."

"There is nothing like it," murmured Julia. For some time the conversation continued on these lines, and having exhausted all the kind remarks which trees seem to expect, the friends drifted into silent enjoyment of the rural scene, and even in thought treated it with respect.

"Nature," said Jacquetta, breaking in upon their reverie painfully, "is not good, and it is contrary to all human experience to believe it to be good. I don't know why it has been accounted moral in all ages."

Jemima, her face full of intelligent misery, was smoking far too many cigarettes, and said wearily that most things which sounded very wise were grossly untrue. She put out her hand languidly as she spoke and knocked off a long piece of cigarette ash with her little finger.

Tom, who had meant to take a little exercise after tea, was irritated afresh by her lackadaisical manners, and knowing nothing of the condition of the poor girl's heart, said abruptly that he believed our grandmothers had much more grit than the girls of the present day.

Miss Crawley looked at him sympathetically and said, "Ah, yes, Tom." Then, feeling that she had sided against her darling nieces, and calling herself an ill-natured woman, she tried to atone for her unwonted severity by asking the girls if there was anything they would like to do.

Jacquetta said that she would "mug up" Hodder presently, and Tom, as though to atone for a certain snappishness of temper, said he missed the dear old rabbit a good deal.

Tony appeared upon the scene and was greeted by his mother's usual, "Well, darling?"

The boy had a shrewd suspicion that his conversation only got full attention

when his elders had exhausted theirs. Fortunately, he was nearly always full of news of a simple description.

"I've been to see the little Wickhamses," he said; "they're having rabbit for dinner, and I had some although it's only twelve o'clock."

Wickham was the gardener, and the meal which he had provided for his offspring was shockingly closely connected with the conversation of a few moments back. Tom did not know how Anthony could have touched the brown rabbit, of which they were all so fond, and Mrs. Darling said, patting his hair, "He couldn't have known it was our brown rabbit, Tom."

"Yes, I did, Mummy," said the child: "it was delicious."

"Barbarous! barbarous!" muttered Mr. Beamish.

As a continuation of his early meal, or perhaps as its dessert, Master Darling now produced a lump of licorice which he proceeded to hack with his knife. This made his mother nervous, and besides she thought the blade looked dirty as well as sharp.

"Are you sure that knife is clean, Tony?" she said.

"Quite sure, thank you, Mummy."

"What were you doing with it last, darling?"

"Only helping to skin the rabbit, Mummy."

Mrs. Darling felt a thrill of disgust pass through the company, and was unable to prevent it. She pulled herself together a little and told Tony he must not be troublesome.

"Come to me, Tony," said Miss Crawley, melting at once.

"You all spoil that child," said Tom.

His mother put her arm about the boy, and Tom said, "I'm sorry, Annette."

"If they all begin to apologize to each other like that," said Jacquetta to herself in an aside, "they will have to have headaches by dinner time and dine

alone in their respective apartments."

"Well," said Tom, rising and finding need of movement after the breezes which had just blown over the conversation, "I must not waste my whole morning sitting here under the trees." Having got up energetically, he looked about him and wondered when the second post would come in, and then said he believed he could make the fountain play if he tried.

The fountain in the pretty mirror pool in the garden had not once acted since Miss Crawley had been at Dobb's Hall, and although she disliked seeing fountains play she was glad to think that some occupation should claim Mr. Beamish's attention. She also rose from her chair and went to help him, and Mrs. Darling, with her daughters, decided that it would be a pity to be out of the way when the second post should come in, and remained where they were.

Unfortunately there were no tools to assist Tom in his attempt at a hydrostatic display. Or if there were any, probably Bodnim had hidden them and would appear when they were all safely away seeing Hodder's grave and put the fountain right—Bodnim always claimed all the fun for himself.

To console him for his disappointment, Miss Crawley suggested that they might walk to the village and get the letters, and fortunately amongst the budget handed to Mr. Beamish there was one containing the news of the death of an acquaintance of his, not heretofore held dear, but now deeply and loudly mourned by the bereaved gentleman.

"I'll have to go to the funeral," said Tom. "You'll excuse me for a day, Julia, I am sure; it would be a slight to the memory of poor Wilcox, if I didn't go to his funeral. Poor Wilcox! He can't have been very old; I remember him quite well when I was a boy, but he had lived at Bath these many years,

and so I have lost sight of him. Poor old Wilcox! A great blow to his widow, I am afraid, or did I hear of her death some time ago?"

He began to wonder where his black clothes were, and required an interview with Forty, sent a telegram to ask the date of the funeral, and not only so but he was able to dodge Bodnim and take it to the telegraph office himself.

Assisted by the interesting news of Admiral Wilcox's death, lunch passed off pleasantly enough, but the expedition to Hodder's grave was much shorter than anyone had expected it to be, also the party collected together for the expedition was not so large as Miss Crawley had anticipated. As she offered dustcloaks and wraps she signified that her guests were missing something by not seeing the grave. Mrs. Darling, however, decided, in spite of persuasion, to "stay quietly at home," Jim lay down restlessly, and only Jacquetta could be found sufficiently intelligent to feel any deep glow of interest in Hodder. Motor cars go very swiftly, and Miss Crawley's Rolls Royce covered the distance to Erling Magna in a surprisingly short space of time. The vicar went with them in his character of keeper of antiquities, and pointed out the inscription on the headstone, and when that was over and they had pondered for a few moments on the poet whom they had not known before, they thanked their guide and returned to Dobb's Hall.

Tom had Admiral Wilcox's death and the funeral to think about, but the minds of the others were exclusively filled with thoughts of tea. After tea they would get a little exercise.

"After tea," said Jacquetta grimly, "we had better all go in different directions, and Master Darling had better make himself scarce."

Julia said nothing. She wondered what more she could do for everyone, and reflected that Dobb's Hall had been

rented at a very high price in order to give pleasure to her friends. The thought of her own good intentions brought something like tears to her eyes, and she almost believed that Tom had been pettish about the fountain and the tools. Jemima, who was always expected to be lively and entertaining, was silent, and Tom recalled traits of character in the late Admiral Wilcox.

"I believe it is high time I arrived!" said Miss Clementine Beamish to herself, appearing suddenly in a riding-habit with very little drapery about it and a pot hat with a broad brim. "There's always a dejected look about the remains of afternoon tea that reminds one of an early and wasted youth, but there's something more here than meets the eye, and oh, my poor Jim, how ill she looks!"

She was unexpected, of course—Clemmie's movements were always unexpected—and she had only come down for a few days to superintend the school feast held yearly at the Abbey, and to get a few moments to think about Bobby.

"My dears," she said, "London is just like a furnace."

They were all delighted to hear that—simply delighted.

"I suppose you are all sleeping badly at night," said kind-hearted Tom in a tone of intense satisfaction.

"We can hardly sleep a bit down here, but I think it's the clocks that disturb us," said Jim.

"Stop them," said the young lady forcibly. "No clock in a country house matters except the kitchen one. Let that be kept going and let it be kept fast. If you can say with truth at the end of a morning, 'I had no idea it was so near lunch-time,' you haven't done badly."

"I suppose you haven't heard any particulars about poor Admiral Wilcox?" asked Tom. "I am horribly

shocked by the news of his death today, and am thinking of running up to the funeral. Poor Peter Wilcox! a man not much older than myself."

"It's not Peter Wilcox, it's his father," said Clemmie: "he was close upon ninety, and he hadn't spoken to his wife for five years before he died—they quarreled about which should have the dog to sleep with them, I believe."

"It isn't poor Peter, then," said Tom. "The names are the same."

He was disappointed about the funeral, but of course very glad to hear that Peter Wilcox, whom he had not seen for twenty years, was still alive. "A very good fellow," he said, "and would have been a great loss to the navy and to all his friends."

He could still hardly speak of the admiral except in a tone of compassion, and he repeated more than once in a very serious way that he would have to tell Forty not to get his black clothes out.

"My father will follow me presently," said Clemmie. "He has come down to be patriarchal and angelic at the school feast. As you know, he always drives a phaeton with rattling chains, dating, I believe, from Crimean days. Father would be incapable of passing out of one of his lodges without raising his elbow and his whip to whoever opens the gate. He is unable to do that in a motor-car, so he will probably go on driving a phaeton with rattling chains till the end of time. I have been visiting in the parish."

They knew she would have news for them, even from the sleepy parish, and waited eagerly for her stories, none of which they believed to be true.

"I have been calling on the Higginses," she said, "to ask them, not why Higgins avoids the Bible reading on Sunday afternoon, but why he comes. Poor Higgins is deaf; he is also blind. He is our most regular attendant at the Bible reading, and I inquired of Mrs.

Higgins today what benefit he derived from it. She replied, 'Well, ma'am, -I believe it's the change of smell does him good.' Oh, Uncle Tom, I want to ask you something because you are always so kind and so clever."

"That will do, Clemmie," said Mr. Beamish, shaking off his fretfulness and speaking with all his old genial severity. "When you have finished making up stories about Higgins you can finish saying those absurd things about me. If you thought me either kind or clever I should not mind your saying so."

"It is infinitely more attractive to be a bear and frightfully stupid," she said, kissing him unexpectedly on the top of his bald head, "but I really do want to ask you something because I am puzzled and rather inclined to kill somebody, although I don't know quite who, and my father will be here directly and will probably tell me that I mustn't ask questions on doubtful subjects. You see, it's the Steddalls, a family of nine in the village, and the father is a brute and makes them all work every hour of their time at Erling Magna. The children are half-timers and they're looking pitifully ill and thin, and their mother is wringing her hands over them and saying she can't help it if their father does kill them."

"It is a sad case, of course," said Tom, "but you can't interfere between a father and his children."

"Yes, but stop! the eldest child, and the plainest of all, who really is old enough to do some work, is allowed to get off and the mother keeps her at home. She says she'll have the law of her husband if he sends her to work at the factory."

"I don't know what that may mean," said Tom sapiently, and Mrs. Darling said nervously that she thought perhaps an older person ought to look into these cases.

"The villagers are always much better instructed in the matter of law

than I," Clemmie went on. "I don't know where they learn it! Now this family, who weigh dreadfully upon me, are obviously over-worked, and the father drinks their earnings, and the only person who has a good time is the eldest daughter."

"I agree with Mrs. Darling," said Tom; "these matters are best left undiscussed."

"You see," she went on, "suppose Florence, that is the name of the ugly elder one, was born before they were married, why should she be the only one who has a good time?"

"The law is rather curious about these things," said Tom.

"But, Tom, darling, Florence is quite fat and walks about after tea, and her mother says she won't have the girl put upon, and the others are puny and miserable and tramp miles to and from their work, and Mrs. Steddall is simply miserable about it but she says the law doesn't help her. Why did she marry Steddall if she is going to see all the younger children badly treated, and why, if she leaves him, may she take away Florence and have to leave all the others behind?"

"The law of the land has decided it, Clemmie," said Tom. "I wish I could explain it better, my dear, but it isn't a very savory subject."

"None of the little Steddalls are savory, nor is their mother. Now surely it would have been better if she hadn't married Steddall because then she would have done as she liked with her children, and Mrs. Steddall says that the law would have obliged him to support them."

"She has a marriage ring now," explained Mrs. Darling with great delicacy.

"Yes, but I'd much rather have the care of children than a dozen wedding rings," pursued the young lady. "There's Florence, you see, quite healthy and sound and with nice hats and really

highly respectable, while the others go to Erling Magna, which isn't a particularly nice town, and look grimy and horrible, while their father collects their earnings and drinks."

"They're much more respectable than Florence, really," explained Miss Crawley.

"As a matter of fact they are much less respectable," said the young girl. "I said to Mrs. Steddall today that I hoped she would bring up all her daughters not to marry, because then, you see, their children could—"

"My dear," said Miss Crawley gravely, "this is hardly a topic for general discussion."

It made a pleasant break when Lord

Erling arrived upon the lawn and was offered tea and prettily fussed over after his drive, while his daughter sat in a basket chair tapping the leg of her long riding-boot with her hunting-crop, and looking intently at the lawn at her feet.

"Clemmie," said her father presently, "I have never known you so quiet; I haven't heard your voice for the last half hour."

"I am going to be a Suffragette," said Clemmie.

"Not militant I hope, my dear," said Lord Erling.

She gathered up her crop and the scanty skirt of her riding-habit and said, "Are there any hammers in the house?"

(*To be continued.*)

S. Macnaughtan.

THE ART OF MR. HENRY JAMES.

There is a great and rare sense, so great that we apply to the work that excites it our noblest adjective, "creative," and so rare that we recognize it with a glow of pure joy, in which fictional literature is an extension of life. The novel is, at its best, the talisman which brings our own personal circle into relation with other lives, and the amount of intersection, of overlapping, determines the ground of our content, the quality of our fascination; this argument applies whether the story be of the most impulsive fantasy or of the sternest reality. Extravagant and at times even grotesque though "Pickwick" may be, it is sealed as a treasure by the irresistible humanity of its fun; austere and uncompromising though "Tess" may be, it steadily holds us by the intense humanity of its pain and disquietude; both books are, in their way, an extension of life—a projection of its experiences and possibilities on to a stage whose setting is familiar, but whose actors take strange parts and interpret

them so that we are conscious of a feeling of expectancy and wonder. So, from the Greek comedies to the modern humorist, from the idylls of Theocritus to the pastorals of Wordsworth, from the ancient classic tragedies to the dramas of Wessex, one great affinity, one long, lighted bridge of kinship, stretches across the years.

The thrill, the rare emotion of which I speak, may thus reach us in varied forms, by the novel of humor, of action, or of "situation"; and it is strange that Mr. Henry James, master of the graces pertaining to the novel of situation which depends for its appeal not on the presentation of battles, adventures, morbid loves and engineered disasters, but on the exposition of the tangled play of mind upon mind, has been recognized after many years of devoted work by a comparatively limited number of those who may with justice be termed far-seeing, intelligent, and critical. Some illumination may come by noting a peculiar property of the psychological novel. The novel of

action can rarely be dull; it is, to an extent, dynamic, and sheer pressure of curiosity will carry the reader along. The author needs small help from his readers; he provides the fare, the banquet, and all they are asked to do is to sit and eat. The psychological novel, on the other hand, may be intensely tame to the majority, however practised a touch has gone to its fashioning. Its very splendors of analysis baffle the neophyte and the man who wants "a rattling good story"; they regard it as an outsider, ignorant of the moves, gazes on the manoeuvres of a chess match, unable to understand either the *finesse* or the excitement. It demands, for its thorough appreciation, the fullest partnership between writer and reader; the banquet is there, but the dishes have to be fetched. In an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1866, Mr. James expressed the position thus: "The writer makes the reader very much as he makes his characters. When he makes him ill, that is, makes him indifferent, he does no work, the writer does all. When he makes him well, that is, makes him interested, then the reader does quite half the labor." This generalization hardly applies to the novel of action, but it is sufficiently explicit for our purpose. The grand point, Mr. James goes on to say, is to get the reader to do his share of the work. The writer suggests, hints, supposes—the sympathetic reader expands the suggestions, follows up the hints, responds to the suppositions; the antipathetic reader shirks the required mental effort, damns the book as obscure, "difficult," uninteresting, and suffers a disappointment. For this we need not blame him, since the gods blinded him at birth. I remember, after having read "The Sacred Fount" for the first time with an enthusiasm since tempered by judgment, conveying my impressions to a friend, who forthwith

eagerly desired to become one of the tribe. It was not fair to lend him that almost perversely intricate book for his introductory experience of Mr. James; he brought it back the next day and spoke his opinion in homely and uncomplimentary words. The fact remains that this class of story is absorbing or annoying; there are Big-Endians and Little-Endians in the controversy.

The novels and stories of Mr. Henry James cover a period of over forty years, and it is obvious that during so long a time there must be a recognizable progression and development. One might even look for a complete change of style in such a span, for divergences so marked as to compose an emphatic and radical separation. Many writers, in a far briefer term, have accomplished two or three absolutely distinct phases: Mr. H. G. Wells, for example, the philosopher of "Mankind in the Making," the *fantastico* of "The Invisible Man," and the socialist-novelist of recent years, with possible intermediate labels which do not here concern us. But the style of Mr. James presents itself as one single growth, steady, sure, compact. We trace in "Roderick Hudson," "The Europeans," and "Washington Square" the buds that were to open in "The American" and to flower in such triumphs as "The Ambassadors," "The Wings of the Dove," the stories collected under the title of "The Better Sort," and "The Golden Bowl." It is a style, in late years, incomparable for its purpose, that purpose being invariably to expound to the reader the characters and their relationships with perfect clarity, albeit giving his brain plenty of employment. The perfect clarity is not always attained; the author's very excess of precision, of determination, occasionally leads him into labyrinthine by-ways which I shall mention more particularly later on; but at its best it is a superb happiness of language. It abounds in phrases that convey volumes, whether

on abstract matters or definite persons and things. When, in that finely-wrought little comedy, "The Birth-place," Mr. James speaks of "the gray town-library of Blackport-on-Dwindle, all granite, fog, and female fiction," which the librarian hated, and proceeds to tell of the "dog's-eared volumes the very titles of which, on the lips of innumerable glib girls, were a challenge to his temper"; when, in "The Great Condition," we are shown Braddle, the man whose "large, empty, sunny face needed a little planting"; when, in "The Tragic Muse," we meet Mrs. Lendon, "a large, mild, healthy woman, with a heavy tread, who liked early breakfasts, uncomfortable chairs, and the advertisement-sheet of the *Times*"; when, in "The Awkward Age," we find Mrs. Brookenham, who "seemed to stand with little nipping scissors in a garden of alternatives"; when, in "The Bostonians," we smile at Mrs. Farrinder of the "large, cold, quiet eye," who, "at almost any time, had the air of being introduced by a few remarks"—we realize that the vividness and value of a descriptive passage are not to be gauged by mere length. Yet, when his pleasure demands more spacious terms, Mr. James is not averse from giving us packed pages of detail. An excellent example is the clear picture of Colonel Assingham and his wife, the *compère* and *commère* of "The Golden Bowl." Here is the man: he is listening to his helpmate's explanation of a maturing problem "quite as if he had paid a shilling":—

The Colonel sat back at his own ease, with an ankle resting on the other knee and his eyes attentive to the good appearance of an extremely slender foot which he kept jerking in its neat integument of fine-spun black silk and patent leather. It seemed to confess, this member, to a consciousness of military discipline, everything about it being as polished and perfect, as straight and tight and trim, as a soldier on parade. It went so far as to imply that some one

or other would have "got" something or other, confinement to barracks or suppression of pay, if it hadn't been just as it was. Bob Assingham was distinguished altogether by a leanness of person, a leanness quite distinct from physical laxity, which might have been determined, on the part of superior powers, by views of transport and accommodation, and which in fact verged on the abnormal. He "did" himself as well as his friends mostly knew, yet remained hungrily thin, with facial, with abdominal cavities quite grim in their effect, and with a consequent looseness of apparel that, combined with a choice of queer light shades and of strange straw-like textures, of the aspect of Chinese mats, provocative of wonder at his sources of supply, suggested the habit of tropic islands, a continual cane-bottomed chair, a governorship exercised on wide verandas. His smooth round head, with the particular shade of its white hair, was like a silver pot reversed; his cheekbones and the bristle of his mustache were worthy of Attila the Hun. The hollows of his eyes were deep and darksome, but the eyes, within them, were like little blue flowers plucked that morning.

The portrait of pathetic Miss Birds-eye, in "The Bostonians," is painted at full length also, and may serve as another instance among many:—

She belonged to the Short-Skirts League, as a matter of course; for she belonged to any and every league that had been founded for almost any purpose whatever. . . . She looked as if she had spent her life on platforms, in audiences, in conventions, in phalansteries, in séances; in her faded face there was a kind of reflection of ugly lecture-lamps; with its habit of an upward angle, it seemed turned toward a public speaker, with an effort of respiration in the thick air in which social reforms are usually discussed. She talked continually, in a voice of which the spring seemed broken, like that of an overworked bell-wire; and when Miss Chancellor explained that she had brought Mr. Ransom because he was

so anxious to meet Mrs. Farrinder, she gave the young man a delicate, dirty, democratic hand, looking at him kindly, as she could not help doing. . . . She was in love only with causes, and she languished only for emancipations.

The "trick," or mannerism—a favorite one—of grouping words and phrases in threes or fours, nouns or adjectives, is clearly seen in some of the quotations I have selected. At times it is extremely effective, throwing the blaze of a miniature searchlight on whatever is being described, and in some of the books it is elaborated with wonderful results. One scene in especial occurs to me as an unforgettable word-picture. The "Princess" of "The Golden Bowl" is gazing from the terrace at Fawns into the brilliant drawing-room, her mind seething with shadowy sensations of injury and rebellion:—

Spacious and splendid, like a stage awaiting a drama, it was a scene she might people, by the press of her spring, either with serenities and dignities and decencies, or with terrors and shames and ruins, things as ugly as those formless fragments of her golden bowl she was trying so hard to pick up. She continued to walk and continued to pause; she stopped afresh for the look into the smoking-room, and by this time . . . she saw as in a picture . . . why it was she had been able to give herself so little, from the first, to the vulgar heat of her wrong. She might fairly, as she watched them, have missed it as a lost thing; have yearned for it, for the straight vindictive view, the rights of resentments, the rages of jealousy, the protests of passion, as for something she had been cheated of not least: a range of feelings which for many women would have meant so much . . . figured nothing nearer to experience than a wild eastern caravan, looming into view with crude colors in the sun, fierce pipes in the air, high spears against the sky, all a thrill, a natural joy to mingle with, but turning off short before it reached her and plunging into other defiles. . . . It was

extraordinary; they positively brought home to her that to feel about them in any of the immediate, inevitable, assuaging ways, the ways usually open to innocence outraged and generosity betrayed, would have been to give them up, and that giving them up was, marvelously, not to be thought of. . . .

With one more sentence of pure poetry from "The Wings of the Dove" I must finish the illustration:—

The irrecoverable days had come back to her from far off; they were part of the sense of the cool upper air and of everything else that hung like an indestructible scent to the torn garment of youth—the taste of honey and the luxury of milk, the sound of cattle-bells and the rush of streams, the fragrance of trodden balms and the dizziness of deep gorges.

Occasionally, another pleasant artifice, the quiet play upon words, is to be noticed. "The subject of this estimate," writes Mr. James of Marian Condrip in the last-mentioned book, "was no longer pretty, as the reason for thinking her clever was no longer plain"; and of the unnamed lady in "The Way it Came" we read: "Her parties consisted of her cousin, a cup of tea, and the view. The tea was good, but the view was familiar, though perhaps not, like the cousin, offensively so." Evidently we may not "skip" a page when an author lies in wait for us thus.

When we leave these minor though significant matters to estimate the style as a means for evolving the story, we are on different ground. Many writers can turn the neat phrase and wave the magic wand without capturing our permanent respect, certainly without inducing a sense of homage and real affection. Here the range is from the earlier days of, let us say, "The Europeans," where the story is plainly narrated and the loose ends of affairs at the New England farm are nicely tied up at the finish—almost as thoroughly as Dickens rounded things off—to the leisured but exacting

artistry of the later, longer novels. In these the utmost luxuriance of metaphor, as we have seen, is constantly employed to enhance the spell of a situation, to mark the lifting of a new horizon, and the comparative straightness and bareness of the former period has now gained, by the wise accretions of the years, a complex beauty, has assumed, as it were, the aspect of a goodly land arrayed with strange and wonderful flowers. That the floral decorations may be too complex, too irritatingly spaced and adjusted, I have already suggested. There are passages where the most convinced admirer is compelled to murmur a protest; passages where the reader is not brought up abruptly, as in certain pages of Meredith, against a stubborn, truncated conception, but is beguiled gently down a steep place into a sea of suspensions and involutions. It is not a buoyant sea, and the best swimmer may sink when he is asked to plunge into such exasperating depths as these:—

The Assinghams and the Miss Lutches had taken the walk, through the park, to the little old church, "on the property," that our friend had often found himself wishing he were able to transport, as it stood, for its simple sweetness, in a glass case, to one of his exhibitory halls; while Maggie had induced her husband, not inveterate in such practices, to make with her, by carriage, the somewhat longer pilgrimage to the nearest altar, modest though it happened to be, of the faith—her own as it had been her mother's, and as Mr. Verver himself had been loosely willing, always, to let it be taken for his—without the solid ease of which, making the stage firm and smooth, the drama of her marriage might not have been acted out.

By such lapses the pleasure of the reader is checked; he is disconcerted and dismayed; he hears the waters closing over his head, and strikes out blindly in the hope of soon discovering again the mainland. He feels that it is hardly

polite of Mr. James thus to maltreat him, to tip him over the edge, when he has followed so attentively, so approvingly all the way. Another peculiar vexation runs in this wise: "For a time, while they sat together, there was an extraordinary mute passage between her vision of this vision of his, his vision of her vision, and her vision of his vision of her vision." The result of such repetition (albeit deliberate) is simply for most of us that the word loses its meaning completely—the brain is momentarily mesmerized into impotence.

These excesses are fortunately infrequent, and it may still be asserted that love-scenes, dialogue, description, analysis, are all richer and rarer by the augmented intricacy of "the restless analyst" in his later style. As the prose of Swift may stand for an example of severe pruning, so that of Mr. James is the result of allowing the idea to grow and ramify freely, while remaining perfectly connected with the parent stem. To many of his books his own words on "Robert Elsmere" will apply: "The whole complicated picture is a slow, expansive evocation, bathed in the air of reflection, infinitely thought out and constructed." His prefaces (to the collected edition) persuade us that the scope of the novelist's art is inexhaustible—that the field of fiction has been trodden only in a few unimportant places and rests almost virgin for the enterprising explorer. This, more than anything, stands out even from the mere perusal of his work. Feliculously, irresistibly, he proves that "plots," so far from being limited to the classic three, are innumerable; that in the interplay of any given company of human minds lies material for countless enthrallments, bewildering transitions and chances. Even had we not known, we might have ascribed to him some measure of French influence, and it is to Balzac, of course, that he avows allegiance. If Balzac, according

to M. Brunetière, was the first to claim for the novel a right to "the total representation of life," may not a remarkable secondary claim be made on behalf of Mr. James? Of the French craftsman he spoke resolute words:—

Many of us may stray, but he always remains—he is fixed by virtue of his weight. . . . So far as we do move, we move round him; every road comes back to him; he sits there, in spite of us, so massively, for orientation. "Heavy," therefore, if we like, but heavy because weighted with his fortune; the extraordinary fortune that has survived all the extravagances of his career, his twenty years of royal intellectual spending, and that has done so by reason of the rare value of the original property—the high, prime genius so tied up from him that it was sage. . . . Let us then also, if we see him, in the sacred grove, as our towering idol, see him as gilded thick, with so much gold—plated and burnished and bright, in the manner of towering idols. It is for the lighter and looser and poorer among us to be gilded thin!

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the beauty of the later novels largely lies in their adjustment to a single viewpoint. The author's truest satisfaction comes when he can put before us a complicated mental problem logically, surely, and sympathetically, with the cool splendor of Hawthorne, transposing, however, elucidating, and finally solving with a lavishness of attack undreamed of by the wayfarer of Salem. The words are his pieces and pawns; for the time he is playing a great and worthy game against his friend the reader; he marshals them, arranges them, feints, retreats, advances. I am reminded of a passage in one of Keats' letters to John Hamilton Reynolds: "If I scribble long letters I must play my vagaries—I must be too heavy, or too light, for whole pages—I must be quaint and free of Tropes and figures—I must play my

draughts as I please, and for my advantage and your erudition crown a white with a black, or a black with a white, and move into black or white, far and near, as I please." But, when, as is inevitable, he wins the game, the metaphor fails, for the opponent is conscious of having carried off the reward; to the master-player remains only a tranquil glory as he sits, contented, over the empty board.

In the management of his dialogue, the silences, the charged interludes, the glances and touches and hesitations, often mean far more with Mr. James than the uttered word. There are pages, it is true, where the give-and-take is swift and sharp—one has but to remember the tremendous "scene" between Peter Sherringham and Miriam Rooth in "The Tragic Muse," with its sudden, smashing sarcasms and its gradually deepening passion, to accept that; but, as a rule, the note of secret, serious comprehension between the characters prevails in a manner entirely Mr. James's own. And that is where the reader takes up the tale. He has room to wonder, to wait, to fill in the blanks; he beholds the story slowly opening like some symmetrical exotic bloom; or, more aptly, hears it coming like a distant symphony. He is conscious of undertones, of faint, preliminary, unresolved chords and tantalizing harmonies to be listened for and treasured before the full harmonies become recognizable. An almost uncanny revelation of this consummate delicacy is found in "The Ambassadors." The patient Strether, waiting in the garden of the riverside *café* in a French village, perceives Chad Newsome and Madame de Vionnet approaching in a skiff. For several reasons it is an embarrassing encounter, and though only one actual utterance is recorded—a mere trivial "*Comme cela se trouve!*"—yet at the close the reader is perfectly aware of what must have been said, and the strain of the position has an edge, a positive

ache; this having been accomplished, with an austerity of art, without a line of dialogue and with just one pair of inverted commas. To quote from such "conversations" would be absurd, and even others, where the spoken word is set freely before us, collapse when torn from their context. There are other books, moreover, in which the management of the dialogue exhibits equal skill; "The Sacred Fount" contains many examples of this mysterious power of elusive insinuation—some of them, it must be admitted, rather trying. Better instances may be given. To tell the tragedy of an unhappy marriage, of divorce, and depressing intrigues, from the point of view of a child, might seem a task beset by insuperable difficulties; yet in "What Maisie Knew" the thing is done with a finished competence that leaves the reader amazed. Bundled to and fro from one queer parent to another, little Maisie has her long, intimate talks with persons good and bad, desirable and detestable; ever questioning, ever hopeful, she receives puzzling caresses from all parties—for everyone loves her—and, picking up grains of knowledge here and there, only towards the close does she realize that upon her behavior, her decision, momentous issues rest. The reader is in this case forced to "share in the task"; he must ponder the accumulating evidence, dispose each piece of the pattern in its place, watch carefully for the clues that are silently passed to him as by an invisible hand; he is aware of exertion, of an appreciable amount of strain, but, let me add, of an uncommon satisfaction at the end. He and the author have "pulled it off"; they are friends; they have shaken hands. "You see, now?" asks the unwearyed author, nodding and smiling. "Ah—how well, how magnificently!" the charmed reader is bound to exclaim. He has been as one in a darkened turret, unconscious of the world without; and someone has unbarred window after

window, bidden him observe the prospect on this side and on that, taken him even by the arm and named the shining hills and plains, until in the flood of light he turns to see the keen, calm face of his courteous guide. Such a book by such a writer, may well be known as neglected by the crowd. But the crowd ever has its own copious provender.

The game of comparisons is one which can be played to infinity and utter boredom; any intelligent person may discover superficial similarities between different authors at the cost of a few hours' investigation. There is, however, one resemblance to be profitably noted between the work of Mr. Henry James and that of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The scenic element is nearly always fundamental in the Wessex novels and secondary in the novels at present considered; but for his "great" situations, his climaxes, for those prolonged conversations which are often the fulcrum for some immense "move," Mr. James has invariably a definite background, finely conceived to exalt and intensify the issue, as appropriate as was the Roman amphitheatre at Casterbridge for the meeting of Henchard and his wife. Mr. Hardy's prudent prodigality is never rivaled; we never have that profound sense, so frequent in the stories of Wessex, that the scene itself is big with detached meaning, is fraught with sublime or tragic destinies for the stricken human figures moving hither and thither upon it, dwarfed and almost doomed by it. We have, rather, the impression of a stage in process of being elegantly, graciously set by an exceedingly skilled, unobtrusive personage who moves noiselessly and speaks in whispers, and whose confident command makes the presentation real even to poignancy. Vibrations are in the air; we are poised—we await the thrill which we feel is coming. Take the effect of a single sentence, prefacing an interview in an old-world garden, between the *raconteur* and Mrs. Server, at

sunset: "The last calls of birds sounded extraordinarily loud; they were like the timed, serious splashes, in wide, still water, of divers not expecting to rise again." There is nothing elemental about such passages; but it is easy to see what might happen were such delightful threads not constantly woven into the texture of these novels. A writer so exclusively concerned with mental states might conceivably be carried away into too rarefied an atmosphere, to lose touch with earth and reality altogether.

It may be supposed that the art of one so fastidious and deliberate, who rifled the riches of language for shades of expression, lent itself hardly to the medium of the stage; yet we have noted that when a position demanded swift, energetic treatment Mr. James could put on speed and away with us till our ears tingled with the conversational whirl and we felt grateful for the certainty of the driver's skill. If I say that his work is not suitable for a theatrical setting, I do not mean that he had not a lively sense of the drama and its resources; he possessed this, in fact, in far greater measure than most authors—his books brim with it. I mean that the work is too delicate, too dependent upon the reader's gradual appreciation of the language, his slow savoring of the graphic phrase, his discovery after many pages that a picture has been mysteriously developed in his mind as an image appears on the sensitive photographic plate; in brief, that it is often a fabric too fine to bear the high direct brilliance and unsoftened shadows of the limelight. The few plays have not secured success from the managerial standpoint, however pleasing they may have been to initiated spectators. Of *Guy Domville*, produced at the St. James's Theatre on January 5th, 1895, Mr. William Archer wrote: "Since *Beau Austin* we have seen nothing on the English stage so charming as the first

act. The motives are delicately interwoven, yet remain clear and convincing; the scenes are ordered with a master hand; and the writing is graceful without mannerism." He then complains that there was no further development of the hero's character (somehow, one does not see Mr. James "developing" a character in the limited time of an evening's performance), and that the motives ceased to be clear. After commenting upon the plot he repeats his mild remonstrance: "The fact remains that Mr. James has failed to make his hero's conduct comprehensible to a very attentive, and I hope he will believe, a very sympathetic listener."* This play ran for exactly a month, and of it George Meredith significantly wrote to Mrs. Walter Palmer on January 8th: "The treatment of Henry James at the close of his play will prove to Americans that the Old Country retains a fund of the cowardly part of barbarism." More recently, we have had in London *The High Bid*, a fantastic, romantic episode adapted, I think, from a short story entitled "Covering End"; and *The Saloon*, produced at the Little Theatre on January 18th, 1911. In the latter play Owen Wingrave, descendant of warlike ancestors, holds that "the military delusion is a barbarism," refuses to carry on the tradition and to fight for his country. Many who saw the scene in which the girl to whom he is betrothed pours her scorn upon him will remember it well. "Life! what do you call life?" he demands, as she upbraids. "Glory!" comes the answer. "Rot!" he snaps, sharp as a pistol shot. His family disowns him, and the play fades from a scene that rivets the attention to a disturbing and unsatisfying close in which

*It may be of interest to give the names of those who took part in this performance twenty-one years ago: *Guy Domville*, Mr. George Alexander; *Lord Devenish*, Mr. W. G. Elliott; *Frank Humber*, Mr. Herbert Waring; *George Round*, Mr. H. V. Esmond; *Servant*, Mr. Frank (Franklin?) Dyall; *Mrs. Peeverel*, Miss Marion Terry; *Mrs. Domville*, Mrs. Edward Saker; *Mary Bruster*, Miss Evelyn Millard; *Fanny*, Miss Irene Vanbrugh; *Mulliners*, Miss Blanche Wilmet and Miss Lucy Bertram.

an element of the supernatural is introduced. A familiar magic haunts the dialogue; had the author's name been reserved certain unmistakable signs would have betrayed it—"beautiful high convictions," "I don't want *not* to know," "scruples, doubts, discoveries"—but one was left with the conclusion that the stage, much as he loved it, was a refractory medium for Mr. James. His stories, dramatic in essence as most of them are, droop when transplanted. The reader must take in the strong, slow, sentences, must savor them again, retrieve—

All the chosen coin of fancy
Flashing forth from many a golden
phrase.

In a play one cannot turn back, cannot restrain the dazzling moment, recapture the winged minute, and enhance it by repetition.

In considering the work of an author who has filled so wonderfully wide a canvas it is necessary finally to examine a question above that of method and style. A brief survey demands high ground, hopeless though it may be to endeavor to express all the landscape. To take a more spacious view, then, in conclusion, I see very clearly a general, genial philosophy in these novels. Some critics have denied this. But it is securely established, accurately demonstrated by his own words, that Mr. James possessed the most profound and incorruptible ideals; can it then be fairly argued that he committed the inartistic error of working at haphazard from shifting bases, with no fixed outlook upon life? Such a position seems at least illogical. If he attempted to right no wrongs, to drive no theories home with tiresome thwacks, his vision, ranging over leisured humanity, separated the gold from the dross, the diamonds from the paste. He quietly insisted upon the unfailing simplicity and beauty—not always, be it noted, the beatific happiness—of the clean life of

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the spirit and the spirited intellect. I read into the novels nothing more definite than this by way of "moral" or "message," and, indeed, have small patience with the good people who labor to excavate a story until they shall have discovered some hidden significance, some poor unfortunate little Piltdown skull of a sentence from which they strive to draw portentous hypotheses and to construct exasperating theories. But this avowal, assurance, what you will, is hardly to be avoided. We may glance at two or three instances. Newman, in "The American," has come over to roam Europe, has wooed and won Madame de Cintré, and has lost her through the machinations of her polite, vulpine brother, Urbain de Bellegarde, and his dreadful little mother. He aches for revenge, and revenge is in his power, for he possesses a document which will expose his enemies as accomplices in what amounts to the murder of the father, years before. He stands gazing, musing, rebelling, without the walls of the convent that will enclose his love till death; then, turning sadly away, he sees the towers of Notre Dame. He enters, and sits awhile in the "splendid dimness." His anger collapses, overborne by mysterious, serene, noble influences; and the story closes on the renunciation of love by the woman and the renunciation of revenge by the man—although we are to remember that the woman was driven to take her step by the unrelenting persecution of her family. Those who have read the story of Maisie will recollect the ending—the unsatisfactory ending for the divorced couples and their friends—and that last, chaotic struggle for the possession of the little girl. Bewildered no longer, armored by that mystic "moral sense" which had so puzzled her as she gradually evolved it from the knowledge of confused relationships and horrid suggestions, Maisie, still uncontaminated amid the soiling of her surroundings, re-

linquishes the fascinating Sir Charles and his lady and goes off with the uncompromising Mrs. Wix. She and the shrewd old housekeeper are the true heroines—they glow stainlessly through the sorry gloom of the others. Strether, in "The Ambassadors," "comes out strong" and finds a fuller meaning in life through his acquaintance with the circle of the unabashed Chad Newsome; and, sad though the little tale may be, we are bound to think of poor middle-aged Catherine Sloper, in "Washington Square," who, "picking up her morsel of fancy-work, had seated herself with it again—for life, as it were," as having found a bitter-sweet satisfaction in the extinction of her lover. She had lived, in her curiously baffled, reserved way, to discover him a fraud and a *poseur*, and her little outburst at the last, when anger has died to indifference, proves her spirit still unbroken. Again, Maggie Verver, the Princess of "The Golden Bowl," perfectly innocent of soul, confronting iniquity with incredulous, appealing gaze, is one of those women of whom Teufelsdröckh dreamed, "fitting past, in their many-colored angel-plumage; like mysterious priestesses, in whose hand was the invisible Jacob's ladder, whereby man might mount into very Heaven."

Upon the wonderful short stories, the exquisite, restrained love scenes, the many prefaces to the work of others, the
The Fortnightly Review.

critical books, such as "French Poets and Novelists" and "Notes on Novelists," the travel books, the recent autobiographical volumes, there is not space to enlarge; nor can I do more than mention the fine, generous impulse which led Mr. James, a few months before his death, to associate himself with us in the great struggle by becoming officially an Englishman, though for long he had made his home with us, and had found in "this grand old country," as he recently termed it, the friendships of a lifetime. His death on February 28th, at the age of seventy-two, removed one who as a recorder and interpreter of a definite sphere in the communities of two countries had no rival. His work, in its intensity, is a lasting proof of a fact dismissed by too many modern novelists as non-existent or antiquated—that purity is an essential attribute of the highest art. The novelist of today has often a tendency to watch the pageant of life through defective glasses that hide beauty and reveal only decays, defilements, and pollutions—the lumber and refuse of humanity. It is for those who regret this vicious propensity, who look upon art as the goddess of a temple unprofaned by falsehoods and perversions, to render homage to one who saw clearly, recorded truthfully, interpreted wisely, and who, upon his chosen height, we perceived as so wholly vigilant, serene, and benign.

Wilfrid O. Randall.

SHAKESPEARE IN RUSSIA.

BY PROFESSOR K. ARABAZHIN.

Men of genius belong to mankind. In Russia Shakespeare is popular and even beloved, more perhaps than any other European writer. His types have served as models, and through them he stands revealed in Russian letters and in the Russian spirit.

The reflected light of Shakespeare's influence penetrated into Russia as early

as the days of Tsar Alexis Michailovitch (1645-1676), and through Velthen's German repertoire vivified the embryo native theatre. In the eighteenth century Shakespeare's influence may be traced in the works of Sumarokoff. Catherine II, the Great Empress, who was endowed with a considerable literary instinct, borrowed boldly from Shake-

speare, and adapted *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—this at a time when Voltaire was still maintaining that Shakespeare was not altogether free from "Gothic" barbarism, and when French taste was regarded as infallible. At the end of the eighteenth century Karamzin translated *Julius Caesar* into Russian. This great historian visited England, and brought back with him a feeling of profound admiration for her political institutions, her judicial system, and her stage. Later there appeared translations by Polievoy of Shakespeare, not always scholarly, but always dramatic and spirited.

The nineteenth century gave us Pushkin, and with him came our liberation from the traditions of French classical tragedy. In Pushkin's work, especially in his great drama *Boris Godunoff* (1825), we see in ripe perfection the full fruit of Shakespeare's influence, which the Russian writer imbibed freely, with clear intelligence, with a delicate sympathy, and without any sacrifice of independence. Pushkin understood Shakespeare, the depth of his mind, his self-assertiveness, the breadth of his conceptions, and the power of his psychological analysis. Our poet followed Shakespeare, too, in the broad design of his plots, in the free portrayal of his characters, in the representation of crowds, in his realism, and in his rejection of the famous three unities of French poetics. Shakespeare inspired Pushkin by his fine analysis of a heart moved to repentance and suffering the qualms of conscience, "conscience whose claws tore at the vitals of Tsar Boris." Visions, too, the Tsar has of "bloodstained youths," who call to his mind the murdered Cesarevitch Dimitri. Boris is paralyzed by his crime, as is Macbeth by the murder of Duncan. "Verily, miserable is the man whose conscience is not clean"—with these words Boris ends one of his monologues. Conscience as a motive is familiar to the Russian spirit. Under the influence of

Shakespeare, of English historians and moralists, Karamzin lays down this psychological principle as fundamental in his "History of the Russian Empire."

But neither Pushkin nor any among the Russian dramatists who come after him, Mey, Ostrovsky, A. Tolstoy, could reproduce the mighty souls and bodies, the forceful, passionate natures, that Word that Shakespeare forged of bronze and steel. In the tightening grip of nineteenth century civilization men lost their personality; chivalry had ceased to be; gone were the great hearts who need for their expansion an almost elemental freedom, a freedom that leaves elastic play to the living bond between thought and feeling, word and deed. The heroic age was past. Life became narrow, plain, and gray—an affair of nerves. We bowed as of old before the genius of Shakespeare, but the mirror that had so clearly reflected his types was dimmed. For Shakespeare is the eternal rock; the incarnate power of mind, of will, and of spiritual purity; he is the white light of experience, the symbol of the English people, and of its forceful, many-sided rise.

The influence of Shakespeare nevertheless asserted itself in Russia right up to the beginning of the present century, when the genius of Tchekhoff, simultaneously with Maeterlinck, created the new drama, new in form and sense, and more in sympathy with the feelings of the unheroic average man, with his silent and unutterable woes, that he nurses in the depths of his heart. And this drama has revolutionized the stage.

The cult of Shakespeare in Russia reached its highest point during the thirties and forties of last century, above all in Moscow, where the actor Motchalloff held his audience spellbound with his rendering of Hamlet. The city went wild with enthusiasm, and Bielsky, the well-known critic, joined in the chorus. Hamlet has always remained with Russians in general the most pop-

ular of Shakespeare's creations. In Hamlet this supreme example, unique in the world's literature, of spiritual second sight, and of artistic prophecy, disclosing the springs of action of future generations, the average Russian of the nineteenth century found something intimate and familiar. Our fibre had already begun to deteriorate. Words, nothing but words; words that wearied the best among the Russian people, who thirsted for deeds, but were condemned to inaction by the very structure of Russian life. Hamlet's retort, "Denmark's a prison," found a responsive echo in Russian hearts. Hamlet stands nearer to us than any other of Shakespeare's characters. It was Turgenieff who wrote the characteristic story called "Hamlet of Shtchigry." His, too, is the story of "King Lear of the Steppes." As a part, Hamlet is a favorite with all Russian tragic actors, and for every student of art it forms the subject of meditation. To Hamlet are dedicated many essays in criticism. Of all Shakespeare's works *Hamlet* has the most frequently been translated. Among the most recent of these is a careful version by the late Grand Duke Constantine, who himself played the part of Hamlet at the Imperial Théâtre de l'Ermitage.

The whole of Shakespeare has been translated into Russian, not once, but many times; and millions of copies of his works have been circulated throughout the Empire. Today, as of old, the theatres mount his plays. Visits to Russia by European actors with a Shakespeare repertoire—like Rossi, Salvini, Barnay, Mounet Sully, and Aldridge—have always been high days for the Russian public and the Russian stage. Both the Imperial and the private theatres have staged every one of Shakespeare's plays. He is an equal favorite in the popular theatres. Not so long ago *Twelfth Night* was played at the well-known People's House in Petrograd

with almost greater success than at the Imperial Théâtre Michel.

But during the last twenty years chiefly the comedies of Shakespeare have been produced. Although we have in Russia an army of 30,000 actors, there are practically none qualified to play heroic parts, a fact that is intelligible and that is common to every stage throughout the world. Nevertheless, Daresky as Shylock, and Dalsky or Adelheim as Othello and Hamlet, have always been able to draw large houses. A few years ago *The Tempest* was produced on the Munich plan at the theatre of Princess Bariatinsky-Yavorska, in the complete text, with all the scenes. The celebrated Artists' Theatre at Moscow has staged *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. The first production was remarkable for its astonishingly artistic and archaeologically accurate picture of Ancient Rome; the second was marked by the application of Mr. Gordon Craig's new theories for the solution of problems of perspective. Both these productions were highly interesting, but in them Shakespeare was, so to speak, relegated to the background.

The modern man, with his new ideas, seeks new idols also on the stage. It was not mere chance that inspired Leo Tolstoy to produce an irritable criticism of Shakespeare. But the eternal remains immortal. Shakespeare is great and unshakable, like a mighty mountain; the longer the distance that separates us from him the loftier he seems. Literature and learning can never cease to con him with discriminating mind. In Professor Storozhenko we ourselves have had an eminently distinguished Shakespeare scholar. The best studies on Shakespeare in the world are by Gerwinus and Brandes; both of these have been translated into Russian. In our middle schools, in our public schools, and even in our military academies the principal plays of Shakespeare are read; on his works are grounded all the hand-

books of dramatic theory. Russian literary taste, building on Shakespeare, has evolved laws of dramatic art, with fixed rules of action, that exhibit the conflict of emotions, passions, and characters, and with a clear tragic catastrophe.

Shakespeare has been transfused into Russian literature and into the Russian spirit. Hamlet, Falstaff, Cordelia, Ophelia. *The Times*.

lia, Lear and Polonius have time and again found interpreters in Russia. The great heart of Shakespeare has poured itself out upon our life like a mighty stream of artistic beauty, truth, humanity, and nobility, and has made it fruitful. Such are the bloodless, but decisive, victories of spiritual union and of common works of civilization.

AS OTHERS SEE.

"It may now be divulged that, some time ago, the British lines were extended for a considerable distance to the South."—Extract from Official Dispatch.

The first notice that the men of the Tower Bridge Foot had that they were to move outside the territory they had learned so well in many weary marches and wanderings in networks and mazes of trenches, was when they crossed a road which had for long marked the boundary line between the grounds occupied by the British and French forces.

"Do you suppose the O.C. is drunk, or that the guide has lost his way?" said Private Robinson. "Somebody ought to tell him we're off our beat and that trespassers will be prosecuted. Not but what he don't know that, seeing he prosecuted me cruel six months ago for roving off into the French lines—said if I did it again I might be took for a spy and shot. Anyhow, I'd be took for being where I was out o' bounds and get a dose of Field Punishment. Wonder where we're bound for?"

"Don't see as it matters much," said his next file. "I suppose one wet field's as good as another to sleep in, so why worry?"

A little farther on, the battalion met a French Infantry Regiment on the march. The French regiment's road discipline was rather more lax than the British, and many tolerantly amused criticisms were passed on the loose for-

mation, the lack of keeping step, and the straggling lines of the French. The criticisms, curiously enough, came in a great many cases from the very men in the Towers' ranks who had often "grouched" most at the silliness of themselves being kept up to the mark in these matters. The marching Frenchmen were singing—but singing in a fashion quite novel to the British. Throughout their column there were anything up to a dozen songs in progress, some as choruses and some as solos, and the effect was certainly rather weird. The Tower Bridge officers, knowing their own men's fondness for swinging march songs, expected, and, to tell the truth, half hoped that they would give a display of their harmonious powers. They did, but hardly in the expected fashion. One man demanded in a growling bass that the "Home Fires be kept Burning," while another bade farewell to Leicester Square in a high falsetto. The giggling Towers caught the idea instantly, and a confused medley of hymns, music-hall ditties, and patriotic songs in every key, from the deepest bellying bass to the shrillest wailing treble, arose from the Towers' ranks, mixed with whistles and cat-calls and Corporal Flannigan's famous imitation of "Life on a Farm." The joke lasted the Towers for the rest of that march, and as sure as any Frenchman met or overtook them on the road he was treated to a vocal entertainment that must have

left him forever convinced of the rumored potency of British rum.

By now word had passed round the Towers that they were to take over a portion of the trenches hitherto occupied by the French. Many were the doubts, and many were the arguments, as to whether this would or would not be to the personal advantage and comfort of themselves, but at least it made a change of scene and surroundings from those they had learned for months past, and since such a change is as the breath of life to the British soldier, they were on the whole highly pleased with it.

The morning was well advanced when they were met by guides and interpreters from the French regiment which they were relieving, and commenced to move into the new trenches. Although at first there were some who were inclined to criticise, and reluctant to believe that a Frenchman, or any other foreigner, could do or make anything better than an Englishman, the Towers had to admit, even before they reached the forward firing trench, that the work of making communication trenches had been done in a manner beyond British praise. These trenches were narrow and very deep, neatly paved throughout their length with brick, spaced at regular intervals with sunk traps for draining off rain-water, and with bays and niches cut deep in the side to permit the passing of anyone meeting a line of pack-burdened men in the shoulder-wide alleyway.

When they reached the forward firing trench their admiration became unbounded; they were as full of eager curiosity as children on a school picnic. They fraternized instantly and warmly with the outgoing Frenchmen, and the Frenchmen for their part were equally eager to express friendship, to show the English the dug-outs, the handy little contrivances for comfort and safety, to bequeath to their successors all sorts of stoves and pots and cooking utensils,

and generally to give an impression which was put into words by Private Robinson: "Strike me if this ain't the most cordiawl bloomin' ongtongt I've ever met!"

The Towers had never realized, or regretted, their lack of the French language as deeply as they came to do now. Hitherto dealings in the language had been entirely with the women in the villages and billets of the reserve lines, where there was plenty of time to find means of expressing the two things that for the most part were all they had to express—their wants and their thanks. And because by now they had no slightest difficulty in making these billet inhabitants understand what they required—a fire for cooking, stretching space on a floor, the location of the nearest estaminets, whether eggs, butter, and bread were obtainable, and how much was their price—they had fondly imagined in their hearts, and boasted loudly in their home letters, that they were quite satisfactorily conversant with the French language. Now they were to discover that their knowledge was not quite so extensive as they had imagined, although it never occurred to them that the French women in the billets were learning English a great deal more rapidly and efficiently than they were learning French, that it was not altogether their mastery of the language which instantly produced soap and water, for instance, when they made motions of washing their hands and said slowly and loudly: "Soap—you compree, soap and l'eau; you savvy—l'eau, wa-ter." But now, when it came to the technicalities of their professional business, they found their command of the language completely inadequate. There were many of them who could ask, "What is the time?" but that helped them little to discover at what times the Germans made a practice of shelling the trenches: they could have asked with ease, "Have you any eggs?" but they could not twist

this into a sentence to ask whether there were any egg-selling farms in the vicinity; could have asked "how much" was the bread, but not how many yards it was to the German trench.

A few Frenchmen, who spoke more or less English, found themselves in enormous French and English demand, while Private 'Enery Irving, who had hitherto borne some reputation as a French speaker—a reputation, it may be mentioned, largely due to his artful knack of helping out spoken words by imitation and explanatory acting—found his bubble reputation suddenly and disastrously pricked. He made some attempt to clutch at its remains by listening to the remarks addressed to him by a Frenchman, with a most potently intelligent and understanding expression, by ejaculating "Nong nong" and a profoundly understanding "Ah wee" at intervals in the one-sided conversation. He tried this method when called upon by a puzzled private to interpret the torrential speech of a Frenchman, who wished to know whether the Towers had any jam to spare, or whether they would exchange a rum ration for some French wine. 'Enery interjected a few "Ah wee's," and then at the finish explained to the private.

"He speaks a bit fast," he said, "but he's trying to tell me something about him coming from a place called Conserve, and that we can have his 'room' here—meaning, I suppose, his dug-out." He turned to the Frenchman, spread out his hands, shrugged his shoulders, and gesticulated after the most approved fashion of the stage Frenchman, bowed deeply, and said "*Merci, Monsieur,*" many times. The Frenchman naturally looked a good deal puzzled, but bowed politely in reply and repeated his question at length. This producing no effect except further stage shrugs, he seized upon one of the interpreters who was passing and explained rapidly. "He asks," said the interpreter, turning

to 'Enery and the other men, "whether you have any *conserve et rhum*—jam and rum—you wish to exchange for his wine." After that 'Enery Irving collapsed in the public estimation as a French speaker.

When the Towers were properly installed, and the French regiment commenced to move out, a Tower Bridge officer came along and told his men that they were to be careful to keep out of sight, as the orders were to deceive the Germans opposite and to keep them ignorant as long as possible of the British-French exchange. Private Robinson promptly improved upon this idea. He found a discarded French képi, put it on his head, and looked over the parapet. He only stayed up for a second or two and ducked again, just as a bullet whizzed over the parapet. He repeated the performance at intervals from different parts of the trench, but finding that his challenge drew quicker and quicker replies was obliged at last to lift the cap no more than into sight on the point of a bayonet. He was rather pleased with the applause of his fellows and the half-dozen prompt bullets which each appearance of the cap at last drew, until one bullet, piercing the cap and striking the point of the bayonet, jarred his fingers unpleasantly and deflected the bullet dangerously and noisily close to his ear. Some of the Frenchmen who were filing out had paused to watch this performance, laughing and bravo-ing at its finish. Robinson bowed with a magnificent flourish, then replaced the képi on the point of the bayonet, raised the képi, and made the bayonet bow to the audience. A French officer came bustling along the trench urging his men to move on. He stood there to keep the file passing along without check, and Robinson turned presently to some of the others and asked if they knew what was the meaning of this "Mays ongfong" that the officer kept repeating to his men. "Ongfong," said 'Enery Irving briskly,

seizing the opportunity to re-establish himself as a French speaker, "means 'children'; spelled e-n-f-a-n-t-s, pronounced *ongfong*."

"Children!" said Robinson. "Infants, eh? 'ealthy lookin' lot o' infants. There's one now—that six-foot chap with the Father Christmas whiskers; 'ow's that for a' infant?"

As the Frenchmen filed out some of them smiled and nodded and called cheery good-byes to our men, and 'Enery Irving turned to a man beside him. "This," he said, "is about where some appropriate music should come in the book. Exit to triumphant strains of martial music. Buck up, Snapper! Can't you mouth-organ 'em the Mar-shall-aise?"

Snapper promptly produced his instrument and mouth-organed the opening bars, and the Towers joined in and sang the tune with vociferous "la-la-las." When they had finished, two or three of the Frenchmen, after a quick word together, struck up "God Save the King." Instantly the others commenced to pick it up, but before they had sung three words 'Enery Irving, in tones of horror, demanded "The Mar-shall-aise again; quick, you idiot!" from Snapper, and himself swung off into a falsetto rendering of "Three Blind Mice." In a moment the Towers had in full swing their medley caricature of the French march singing, under which "God Save the King" was very completely drowned.

"What the devil d' you mean? Are you all mad?" demanded a wrathful subaltern, plunging round the traverse to where Snapper mouth-organed the "Marseillaise," 'Enery Irving lustily intoned his anthem of the Blind Mice, and Corporal Flannigan passed from the deep lowing of a cow to the clarion calls of the farmyard rooster.

"Beg pardon, sir," said 'Enery Irving with lofty dignity, "but if I 'adn't started this row the 'ole trenchfull o' Frenchies would 'ave been 'owling our

'Gawd Save.' I saw that 'ud be a clean give-away, an' the order bein' to act so as to deceive——"

"Quite right," said the officer, "and a smart idea of yours to block it. But who was the crazy ass who started it by singing the 'Marseillaise'?" On this point, however, 'Enery was discreetly silent.

Before the French had cleared the trench, the Germans opened a leisurely bombardment with a trench mortar. This delayed the proceeding somewhat, because it was reckoned wiser to halt the men and clear them from the crowded trench into the dug-outs. With the double company of French and British, there was rather a tight squeeze in the shelters, wonderfully commodious as they were.

"Now this," said Corporal Flannigan, "is what I call something like a dug-out." He looked appreciatively round the square, smooth-walled chamber and up the steps to the small opening which gave admittance to it. "Good dodge, too, this sinking it deep underground. Even if a bomb dropped in the trench just outside, and the pieces blew in the door, they'd only go over our heads. Something like, this is."

"I wonder," said another reflectively, "why we don't have dug-outs like this in our line?" He spoke in a slightly aggrieved tone, as if dug-outs were things that were issued from the Quartermaster's store, and therefore a legitimate cause for free complaint. He and his fellows would certainly have felt a good deal more aggrieved, however, if they had been set the labor of making such dug-outs.

Up above, such of the French and British as had been left in the trench were having quite a busy time with the bombs. The Frenchmen had rather a unique way of dodging these, which the Towers were quick to adopt. The whole length of the trench was divided up into compartments by strong traverses run-

ning back at right angles from the forward parapet, and in each of these compartments there were anything from four or five to a dozen men, all crowded to the backward end of the traverse, waiting and watching there to see the bomb come twirling slowly and clumsily over. As it reached the highest point of its curve and began to fall down towards the trench, it was as a rule fairly easy to say whether it would fall to right or left of the traverse. If it fell in the trench to the right, the men hurriedly plunged round the corner of the traverse to the left, and waited there till the bomb exploded. The crushing together at the angle of the traverse, the confused cries of warning or advice, or speculation as to which side a bomb would fall, the scuffling, tumbling rush to one side or the other, the cries of derision which greeted the ineffective explosion—all made up a sort of game. The Towers had had a good many unhappy experiences with bombs, and at first played the unknown game carefully and anxiously, and with some doubts as to its results. But they soon picked it up, and presently made quite merry at it, laughing and shouting noisily, tumbling and picking themselves up and laughing again like children.

They lost three men, who were wounded through their slowness in escaping from the compartment where the bomb exploded, and this rather put the Towers on their mettle. As Private Robinson remarked, it wasn't the cheese that a Frenchman should beat an Englishman at any blooming game.

"If we could only get a little bit of a stake on it," he said wistfully, "we could take 'em on, the winners being them that loses least men."

It being impossible, however, to convey to the Frenchmen that interest would be added by the addition of a little bet, the Towers had to content themselves with playing platoon against platoon amongst themselves, the losing

platoon to pay, what they could conveniently afford, the day's rations of the men who were casualtied. The subsequent task of dividing one and a quarter pots of jam, five portions of cheese, bacon, and a meat-and-potato stew was only settled eventually by resource to a set of dice.

As the bombing continued methodically, the French artillery, who were still covering this portion of the trench, set to work to silence the mortar, and the Towers thoroughly enjoyed the ensuing performance, and the generous, not to say extravagant, fashion in which the French battery, after the usual custom of French batteries, lavished its shells upon the task. For five minutes the battery spoke in four-tongued emphatic tones, and the shells screamed over the forward trench, crackled and crashed above the German line, dotted the German parapet along its length, played up and down it in long bursts of fire, and deluged the suspected hiding-place of the mortar with a torrent of high explosive. When it stopped, the bombing also had stopped for that day.

The French infantry did not wait for the ceasing of the artillery fire. They gathered themselves and their belongings and recommenced to move as soon as the guns began to speak.

"Feenish!" as one of them said, placing a finger on the ground, lifting it in a long curve, twirling it over and over and downward again in imitation of a falling bomb. "Ze soixante-quinze speak, bang-bang-bang!" and his fist jerked out four blows in a row. "Feenish!" he concluded, holding a hand out towards the German lines and making a motion of rubbing something off the slate. Plainly they were very proud of their artillery, and the Towers caught that word "soixante-quinze" in every tone of pleasure, pride, and satisfaction. But as Private Robinson said, "I don't wonder at it. Cans is a good name, but can-an'-does would be a better."

When the last of the Frenchmen had gone, the Towers completed their settling in and making themselves comfortable in the vacated quarters. The greatest care was taken to avoid any man showing a British cap or uniform. "Snapper" Brown, urged by the public-spirited 'Enery Irving, exhausted himself playing the "Marseillaise" at the fullest pitch of his lungs and mouth-organ. His artistic soul revolted at last at the repetition, but since the only other French tune that was suggested was the Blue Danube Waltz, and there appeared to be divergent opinions as to its nationality, "Snapper" at last struck, and refused to play the "Marseillaise" a single time more. 'Enery Irving enthusiastically took up this matter of "acting so as to deceive the Germans."

"Act!" he said. "If I'd a make-up box and a false mustache 'ere, I'd act so as to cheat the French President 'imself, much less a parcel of beer-swilling Germs."

The German trenches were too far away to allow of any conversation, but 'Enery secured a board, wrote on it in large letters "Veev la France," and displayed it over the parapet. After the Germans had signified their notice of the sentiment by firing a dozen shots at it, 'Enery replaced it by a fresh one, "A baa la Bosh." This notice was left standing, but to 'Enery's annoyance the Germans displayed in return a board which said in plain English, "Good morning." "Ain't that a knock out?" said 'Enery disgustedly. "Much use me acting to deceive the Germans if some silly blighter in another bit o' the line goes and gives the game away."

Throughout the rest of the day he endeavored to confuse the German's evident information by the display of the French cap and of French sentences on the board like "Bong jewr," "Bong nwee," and "Mercredi," which he told the others was the French for a day of

the week, the spelling being correct as he knew because he had seen it written down, and the day indicated, he believed, being Wednesday—or Thursday. "And that's near enough," he said, "because today is Wednesday, and if Mercredi means Wednesday, they'll think I'm signaling 'today'; and if it means Thursday, they'll think I'm talking about tomorrow." All doubts of the German's knowledge appeared to be removed, however, by their next notice, which stated plainly, "You are Englander." To that 'Enery, his French having failed him, could only retort by a drawing of outstretched fingers and a thumb placed against a prominent nose on an obviously French face, with pointed mustache and imperial, and a French cap. But clearly even this failed, and the German's next message read, "Well done, Wales!" The Towers were annoyed, intensely annoyed, because shortly before that time the strikes of the Welsh miners had been prominent in the English papers, and as the Towers guessed from this notice at least equally prominent in the German journals.

"And I only 'opes," said Robinson, "they sticks that notice up in front of some of the Taffy regiments."

"I don't see that a bit," said 'Enery Irving. "The Taffys out 'ere 'ave done their bit along with the best, and they're just as mad as us, and maybe madder, at these ha'penny-grabbing loafers on strike."

"True enough," said Robinson, "but maybe they'll write 'ome and tell their pals 'ow pleased the Bosche is with them, and 'ave a kind word in passing to say when any of them goes 'ome casualtied or on leave. 'Well done Wales!' Well, I 'ope Wales likes that smack in the eye," and he spat contemptuously. Presently he had the pleasure of expressing his mind more freely to a French signaler of artillery who was on duty at an observing post in this forward fire trench. The

Frenchman had a sufficient smattering of English to ask awkward questions as to why men were allowed to strike in England in war time, but unfortunately not enough to follow Robinson's lengthy and agonized explanations that these men were not English but—a very different thing—Welsh, and, more than that, unpatriotic swine, who ought to be shot. He was reduced at last to turning the unpleasant subject aside by asking what the Frenchman was doing there now the British had taken over. And presently the matter was shelved by a French observing officer, who was on duty there, calling his signalers to attention. The German guns had opened a slow and casual fire about half an hour before on the forward British trench, and now they quickened their fire and commenced methodically to bombard the trench. At his captain's order a signaler called up a battery by telephone. The telephone instrument was in a tall narrow box with a handle at the side, and the signaler ground the handle vigorously for a minute and shouted a long string of hello's into the instrument, rapidly twirled the handle again and shouted, twirled and shouted.

The Towers watched him in some amusement. "Ere, chum," said Robinson, "you 'aven't put your tuppence in the slot," and 'Enery Irving in a falsetto imitation of a telephone girl's metallic voice drawled: "Put two pennies in, please, and turn the handle after each—one—two—thank you! You're through." The signaler revolved the handle again. "You're mistook, 'Enery," said Robinson, "'e ain't through. Chum, you ought to get your tuppence back."

"Ask to be put through to the inquiry office," said another. "Make a complaint and tell 'em to come and take the blanky thing away if it can't be kept in order. That's what I used to 'ear my governor say every other day."

From his lookout corner the captain

called down in rapid French to his signaler.

"D'ye 'ear that," said Robinson. "Garsong he called him. He's a bloomin' waiter! Weil, well, and me thought he was a signaler."

The captain at last was forced to descend from his place, and with the signaler endeavor to rectify the faulty instrument. They got through at last, and the captain spoke to his battery.

"'Ear that," said Robinson. "'Mes onfong,' he says. He's got a lot o' bloomin' infants too."

"Queer crowd!" said Flannigan. "What with infants for soldiers and a waiter for a signaler, and a butcher or a baker or candlestick-maker for a President, as I'm told they have, they're a rum crush altogether."

The captain ascended to his place again. A German shell, soaring over, burst with a loud *crump* behind the trench. The French signaler laughed and waved derisively towards the shell. He leaned his head and body far to one side, straightened slowly, bent his head on a curve to the other side and brought it up with a jerk, imitating, as he did so, the sound of the falling and bursting shell, "sss-eee-aaa-ahah-aow-WUMP." Another shell fell, and "aow-WUMP," he cried again, shuffling his feet and laughing gaily. The Towers laughed with him, and when the next shell fell there was a general chorus of imitation.

The captain called again, the signaler ground the handle and spoke into the telephone. "Fire!" he said, nodding delightedly to the Towers; "boom-boom-boom-boom." Immediately after they heard the loud, harsh, crackling reports of the battery to their rear, and the shells rushed whistling overhead.

The signaler mimicked the whistling sound, and clicked his heels together, "Ha!" he said, "soixante-quinze—good, eh?" The captain called to him, and again he revolved the handle and called to the battery.

"Garsong," said Robinson, "a plate of swasong-canned beans, si voo play—and serve 'em hot."

A German shell dropped again, and again the chorused howls and laughter of the Towers marked its fall. The captain called for high explosive, and the signaler shouted on the order.

"Exploseef," repeated 'Enery Irving, again airing his French. "That's high explosive."

"Garsong, twopennorth of exploseef soup," chanted Robinson.

Then the order was sent down for rapid fire, and a moment later the battery burst out in running quadruple reports, and the shells streamed whistling overhead. The Towers peered through periscopes and over the parapet to watch the tossing plumes of smoke and dust that leaped and twisted in the German lines. "Good old cans!" said Robinson appreciatively.

When the fire stopped, the captain came to the telephone and spoke to the battery in praise of their shooting. The Towers listened carefully to catch a word here and there. "There he goes again," said Robinson, "with 'is bloom-in' infants," and later he asked the signaler the meaning of "*mes braves*" that was so often in the captain's mouth.

"'Ear that," he said to the other Towers when the signaler explained it meant "my braves." "Bloomin' braves he's calling his battery now. Infants was bad enough, but 'braves' is about the limit. I'm open to admit they're brave enough; that bombing didn't seem to worry them, and shell-fire pleases them like a call for dinner; and you remember that time we was in action one side of the La Bassée road and they was in it on the other? Strewth! When I remember the wiping they got crossing the open, and the way they stuck it and plugged through that mud, and tore the barbed wire up by the roots, and sailed over into the German trench, I'm not going to contradict anybody that

calls 'em brave. But it sounds rum to 'ear 'em call each other it."

Robinson was busy surveying in a periscope the ground between the trenches. "I dunno if I'm seein' things," he remarked suddenly, "but I could 've sworn a man's 'and waved out o' the grass over there." With the utmost caution a half dozen men peered out through loopholes and with periscopes in the direction indicated, and presently a chorus of exclamations told that the hand had again been seen. Robinson was just about to wave in reply when 'Enery grabbed his arm.

"You're a nice one to 'act so as to deceive,' you are," he said warmly. "I s'pose a khaki sleeve is likely to make the 'Uns believe we're French. Now, you watch me."

He pulled back his tunic sleeve, held his shirt-sleeved arm up the moment the next wave came, and motioned a reply.

"He's in a hole o' some sort," said 'Enery. "Now I wonder who it is. A Frenchie by his tunic sleeve."

"Yes; there's 'is cap," said Robinson suddenly. "Just up—and gone."

"Make the same motion wi' this cap on a bayonet," said 'Enery; "then knock off, ease the Boches spot 'im."

The matter was reported, and presently a couple of officers came along, made a careful examination, and waved the cap. A cautious reply, and a couple of bullets whistling past their cap came at the same moment.

Later, 'Enery sought the sergeant. "Mind you this, sergeant," he said, "if there's any volunteerin' for the job o' fetchin' that chap in, he belongs to me. I found 'im." The sergeant grinned.

"Robinson was here two minutes ago wi' the same tale," he said. "Seems you're all in a great hurry to get shot."

"Like his bloomin' cheek!" said the indignant 'Enery. "I know why he wants to go out; he's after those German helmets the interpreter told us was lyin' out there."

The difficulty was solved presently by the announcement that an officer was going out and would take two volunteers—B Company to have first offer. 'Enery and Robinson secured the post, and 'Enery immediately sought the officer. Reminding him of the order to "act so as to deceive," he unfolded a plan which was favorably considered.

"Those Boshies thought they was bloomin' clever to twig we was English," he told the others of B Company; "but you wait till the limelight's on me. I'll puzzle 'em."

The two French artillery signalers were sleeping in the forward trench, and after some explanation readily lent their long-skirted coats. The officer and Robinson donned one each, and 'Enery carefully arrayed himself in a torn and discarded pair of old French baggy red breeches and the damaged French cap, and discarded his own jacket. His gray shirt might have been of any nationality, so that on the whole he made quite a passable Frenchman. While they waited for darkness he paraded the trench, shrugging his shoulders and gesticulating. "Bon joor, mays ong-fong," he remarked with a careless hand-wave. "Hey, garsong! Donney-moi du pang eh du beurree, si voo play—and donnay-moi swoyzong cans—rapeed—exploseef! Merci, mes braves, mes bloomin' 'eroes . . . mes noble warriors, merci. Snapper, strike up the 'Conkerin' 'Ero,' if you please."

Before the time came to go he added to his make-up by marking on his face with a burnt stick huge black mustachios and an imperial, and although the officer stared a little when he came along, he ended by laughing, and leaving 'Enery his "make-up" disguise.

An hour after dark the three slipped quietly over the parapet and out through the barbed wire, dragging a stretcher after them. It was a fairly quiet night, with only an occasional rifle cracking and no artillery fire. A bright moon

floated behind scudding clouds, and perhaps helped the adventure by the alternate minutes of light and dark and the difficulty of focusing eyes to the differences of moonlight and dark and the blaze of an occasional flare when the moon was obscured. Behind the parapet the Towers waited with rifles ready, and stared out through the loopholes; and behind them the French artillery officer, and his signalers standing by their telephone, also waited with the loaded guns and ready gunners at the other end of the wire. The watchers saw the dark blot of men and stretcher slip under the wires, and slowly, very slowly, creep on through the long grass. Half-way across, the watchers lost them amidst the other black blots and shadows, and it was a full half-hour after when a private exclaimed suddenly: "I see them," he said. "There, close where we saw the hand."

The moon vanished a moment, then sailed clear, throwing a strong silvery light across the open ground, and showing plainly the German wire entanglements and the black-and-white patchwork of their barricade. There were no visible signs of the rescue party, for the good reason that they had slipped into and lay prone in the wide shell crater that held the wounded Frenchman. Far spent the man was when they found him, for he had lain there three nights and two days with a bullet-smashed thigh and the scrape across his skull that had led the rest of his night patrol to count him dead and so abandon him.

Now the moon slid again behind the racing clouds, and patches of light and shadow in turn chased across the open ground.

"Here they come," said the captain of B Company a few minutes later. "At least I think it's them, altho' I can only see two men and no stretcher."

"Do you see them?" said an eager voice in French at his ear, and when he turned and found the gunner captain and

explained to him, the captain made a gesture of despair. "Perhaps it is that they cannot move him," he said. "Or would they, do you think, return for more help? I should go myself but that I may be needed to talk with the battery. Perhaps one of my signalers——"

But the Englishman assured him it was better to wait; they could not be returning for help; that the three could do all a dozen could.

Again they waited and watched in eager suspense, glimpsing the crawling figures now and then, losing them again, in doubts and certainty in swift turns as to the whereabouts and identity of the crawling figures.

"There is one of them," said the captain quickly; "there, by himself in those cursed red breeches. They show up in the flarelight like a blood-spot on a clean collar. Dashed idiot! And I was a fool, too, to let him go like that."

But it was plain now that 'Enery Irving was dragging his red breeches well clear of the others, although it was not plain what the others had done with the stretcher. There were two of them at the length of a stretcher apart, and yet no visible stretcher lay between them. It was the sergeant who solved the mystery.

"I'm blown!" he said, in admiring wonder; "they've covered the stretcher over with cut grass. They've got their man, too—see his head this end."

Now that they knew it, all could see the outline of the man's body covered over with grass, the thick tufts waving upright from his hands and nodding between his legs.

They were three-quarters of the way across now, but still with a dangerous slope to cross. It was ever so slight, but, tilted as it was towards the enemy's line, it was enough to show much more plainly anything that moved or lay upon its face. They crawled on with a slowness that was an agony to watch, crawled an inch at a time, lying dead and stil

while a light flared, hitching themselves and the dragging stretcher onward as the dullness of hazed moonlight fell.

The French captain was consumed with impatience, muttering exhortations to caution, whispering excited urgings to move, as if his lips were at the creepers' ears, his fingers twitching and jerking, his body hitching and holding still, exactly as if he too crawled out there and dragged at the stretcher.

And then when it seemed that the worst was over, when there was no more than a score of feet to cover to the barbed wire, when they were actually crawling over the brow of the gentle rise, discovery came. There were quick shots from one spot of the German parapet, confused shouting, the upward soaring of half a dozen blazing flares.

And then before the two dragging the stretcher could move in a last desperate rush for safety, before they could rise from their prone position, they heard the rattle of fire increase swiftly to a trembling staccato roar. But, miraculously, no bullets came near them, no whistling was about their ears, no ping and smack of impacting lead hailed about them—except, yes, just the fire of one rifle or two that sent aimed bullet after bullet hissing over them. They could not understand it, but without waiting to understand they half rose, thrust and hauled at the stretcher, dragged it under the wires, heaved it over to where eager hands tore down the sandbags to gap a passage for them. A handful of bullets whipped and rapped about them as they tumbled over, and the stretcher was hoisted in, but nothing worth mention, nothing certainly of that volume of fire that drummed and rolled out over there. They did not understand; but the others in the trench understood, and laughed a little and swore a deal, then shut their teeth and set themselves to pump bullets in a covering fire upon the German parapet.

The stretcher party drew little or no fire, simply and solely because just one second after those first shots and loud shouts had declared the game up, a figure sprang from the grass fifty yards along the trench and twice as far out in the open, sprang up and ran out, and stood in the glare of light, the baggy scarlet breeches and gray shirt making a flaring mark that no eye, called suddenly to see, could miss, that no rifle brought sliding through the loophole and searching for a target could fail to mark. The bullets began to patter about 'Enery Irving's feet, to whine and whimper and buzz about his ears. And 'Enery—this was where the trench, despite themselves, laughed—'Enery placed his hand on his heart, swept off his cap in a magnificent arm's length gesture, and bowed low; then swiftly he rose upright, struck an attitude that would have graced the hero of the highest class Adelphi drama, and in a shrill voice that rang clear above the hammering tumult of the rifles, screamed "Veev la France! A baa la Bosh!" The rifles by this time were pelting a storm of lead at him, and now that the haste and flurry of the urgent call had passed and the shooters had steadied to their task, the storm was perilously close. 'Enery stayed a moment even then to spread his hands and raise his shoulders ear-high in a magnificent stage shrug; but a bullet snatched the cap from his head, and 'Enery ducked hastily, turned, and ran his hardest, with the bullets snapping at his heels.

Back in the trench a frantic French captain was raving at the telephone, whirling the handle round, screaming for "Fire, fire, fire!"

Private Flannigan looked over his shoulder at him. "Mong capitaine," he said, "you ought, you reely ought, to ring up your telephone; turn the handle round an' say some thing."

"Drop two pennies in," mocked

another as the captain birr-r-red the handle and yelled again.

Whether he got through, or whether the burst of rifle fire reached the listening ears at the guns, nobody knew; but just as 'Enery did his ear-embracing shoulder-shrug the first shells screamed over, burst and leaped down along the German parapet. After that there was no complaint about the guns. They scourged the parapet from end to end, up and down, and up again; they shook it with the blast of high explosive, ripped and flayed it with driving blasts of shrapnel, smothered it with a tempest of fire and lead, blotted it out behind a veil of writhing smoke.

At the sound of the first shot the gunner captain had leaped back to the trench. "Is he in? Is he arrived?" he shouted in the ear of the B Company captain who leaned anxiously over the parapet. The captain drew back and down. "He's in—bless him—I mean dash his impudent hide!"

The Frenchman turned and called to his signaler, and the next moment the guns ceased. But the captain waited, watching with narrowed eyes the German parapet. The storm of his shells had obliterated the rifle fire, but after a few minutes it opened up again in straggling shots.

The captain snapped back a few orders, and prompt to his word the shells leaped and struck down again on the parapet. A dozen rounds and they ceased, and again the captain waited and watched. The rifles were silent now, and presently the captain relaxed his scowling glare and his tightened lips. "Vermin!" he said. He used just the tone a man gives to a ferocious dog he has beaten and cowed to a sullen submission.

But he caught sight of 'Enery making his way along the trench past his laughing and chaffing mates, and leaped down and ran to him. "Bravo!" he beamed, and threw his arms round the astonished

soldier, and before he could dodge, as the disgusted 'Enery said afterwards, "planted two quick-fire kisses, smack, smack," on his two cheeks.

"*Mon brave!*" he said, stepping back and regarding 'Enery with shining eyes, "*Mon brave, mon beau Anglais, mon—*"

But 'Enery's own captain arrived here and interrupted the flow of admiration, cursing the grinning and sheepish private for a this, that, and the other crazy, play-acting idiot and winding up abruptly by shaking hands with him and saying gruffly, "Good work, though. B Company's proud of you, and so'm I."

"An' I admit I felt easier after that rough-tonguin'," 'Enery told B Company that night over a mess-tin of tea. "It was sort of natural like, an' what a man looks for, and it broke up about as unpleasant a sit-u-ation as I've seen staged. I could see you all grinnin', and I don't wonder at it. That slobberin' an' kissin' business, an' the Mong Brav Conkerin' 'Ero may be all right for a lot o' bloomin' Frenchies that don't know better——"

He took a long swig of tea.

"Though, mind you," he resumed, "I haven't a bad word to fit to a Frenchman. They're real good fighting stuff, an' they ain't 'arf the light-'earted an' light-'eaded grinnin' giddy goats I used to take 'em for."

"There wasn't much o' the light 'eart look about the Mong Cappytaine to-night," said Robinson. "'Is eyes was snappin' like two ends o' a live wire, and 'e 'andled them guns as businesslike as a butcher cutting chops."

"That's it," said 'Enery, "business-like is the word for 'em. I noticed them 'airy-faces shootin' today. They did it like they was sent there to kill somebody, and they meant doin' their job thorough an' competent. Afore I come this trip on the Continong I used to think a Frenchman was good for nothing but fiddlin' an' dancin' an' makin' love. But since I've seen 'im settin' to Bosh

partners an' dancin' across the neutral ground an' love-makin' wi' Rosalie,* I've learned better. 'Ere's luck to 'im," and he drained the mess-tin.

And the French, if one might judge from the story *mon capitaine* had to tell his major, had also revised some ancient opinions of their Allies.

"Cold!" he said scornfully; "never again tell me these English are cold. Children—perhaps. Foolish—but yes, a little. They try to kill a man between jests; they laugh if a bullet wounds a comrade so that he grimaces with pain—it is true; I saw it." It was true, and had reference to a slight scrape of a bullet across the tip of the nose of a Tower's private, and the ribald jests and laughter thereat. "They make jokes, and say a man, 'stopped one,' meaning a shell had been stopped in its flight by exploding on him—this the interpreter has explained to me. But cold—no, no, no! If you had seen this man—ah, sublime, magnificent! With the whistling balls all round him he stands, so brave, so noble, so fine, stands—so! '*Vive la France!*' he cried aloud, with a tongue of trumpets; '*Vive la France! A bas les Boches!*'"

The captain, as he declaimed "with a tongue of trumpets," leaped to his feet and struck an attitude that was really quite a good imitation of 'Enery's own mock tragedian one. But the officers listening breathed awe and admiration; they did not, as the Towers did, laugh, because here, unlike the Towers, they saw nothing to laugh at.

The captain dropped to his chair amid a murmur of applause. "Sublime!" he said. "That posture, that cry! Indeed, it was worthy of a Frenchman. But certainly we must recommend him for a Cross of France, eh, my major?"

'Enery Irving got the Cross of the Legion of Honor. But I doubt if it ever gave him such pure and legitimate joy as did a notice stuck up in the German

**Rosalie*—The French nickname for the bayonet.

trench next day. Certainly it insulted the English by stating that their workers stayed at home and went on strike while The Cornhill Magazine.

Frenchmen fought and died. *But it was headed "Frenchman!" and it was written in French.*

Boyd Cable.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.

Some time ago, as we are reminded in the daily Press, the Chairman of the Woking Tribunal said, in reference to an appeal for exemption on behalf of a pork-butcher's slaughterman: "The question for the Tribunal is whether this man should be retained for killing pigs or released for killing Germans. I admit there is not much difference between the two." It is the sort of coarse witticism which might pass well enough in a public-house or at a street-corner, but that it should be uttered by a man holding a public position—uttered authoritatively, as it were, from the chair—is a circumstance of which Englishmen who respect the traditional courtesies have a right to complain. One Englishman did so complain—a general and a member of the Army and Navy Club. "I hold no brief for the Germans," he wrote to the offending chairman, "but I hold a brief against vulgarity, coarseness, and silly jokes such as you were guilty of. You forget our late Queen Victoria's husband was a German, and King Edward's father." One would have hoped that the reproof coming from such a quarter would have some restraining effect on a pugnacious patriot. But the Chairman of the Woking Tribunal, far from being disturbed, was evidently proud of his joke about pigs and Germans, and read out to his colleagues the answer he had written to the general, beginning:

My Dear Sir,—I regret to gather that you do not, apparently, share the opinion now held by all intelligent and patriotic Englishmen that the Germans have proved themselves to be no better than swine—

and going on to observe that the "references to our royal family are beside the mark and in the worst possible taste," and to threaten the general with "the Secretary for War, your club committee, and the police-court." The general, we may take it, did not go to the trouble of continuing the correspondence.

Who the general is we do not know, but we do know that most men brought up in the fine tradition of the military virtues will agree with his reproof to the Woking school of patriotism. We do not mean to suggest that soldiers, even great soldiers, have never hated and abused and maltreated their enemies, but we do insist that the nearer they lived to the tradition of military virtue the less they have done this. It was one of the weaknesses of Napoleon that he could not resist the temptation to abuse the other side. But then Napoleon, if a good deal more than a soldier, was a good deal less than a gentleman. The popular phrase, "a soldier and a gentleman," describes an ideal to which Louis IX and Sir Philip Sidney approached in a far greater degree than Napoleon. One suspects the motives of Napoleon as one does not suspect theirs. Like the shopkeepers he denounced the English for being, he had the passion of aggrandizement rather than the passion of honor. It is an essential characteristic of "a soldier and a gentleman" that he should be indifferent to purely personal ends. Not absolutely indifferent, of course, for that would be inhuman, but indifferent in comparison with the self-seeking multitude. It is his freedom from the meaner passions of gain and revenge and fear and ill-temper that has made the soldier

so attractive a figure in the eyes of moralists. Without this disinterestedness killing would be mere butchery. To kill a man for gain or from ill-temper is generally regarded as an act of murder. There are some moralists, we know, who hold that to kill a man deliberately is an act of murder in any circumstances. But even people who take this view have to recognize a distinction between the soldier and the murderer. And this distinction chiefly lies in the impersonality of the soldier's motives. The soldier offers his life to a country or a cause, and he will only take life at the bidding of that country or cause. Let him cease to act as a servant of something larger than himself and begin to act as a mere maelstrom of personal passion, and in doing so he degrades his sword. It is for this reason that the good soldier instinctively creates for himself an ideal of self-control, of courtesy, of chivalry. He desires to fight as a knight, not as a bully—as a gentleman, not as a vindictive word-monger. The chief use of the code of military honor and military discipline is to teach soldiers not to give way to the turbulent rout of passions which invades the breasts of so many civilians in time of war.

Nor is this happy temper, this self-mastery, this gentlemanliness, entirely a post-Christian virtue. There are abundant examples of it in the military history of the pagan civilizations. One remembers the fine passage from Muller's *Dorians*, which Ruskin quotes in *A Crown of Wild Olive* as evidence that the Spartan soldier of old had the same quietness and decency of habit that the best European soldiers have today. The passage is a long one, and it is no doubt in some degree fanciful; but it would be well if wrathful civilians who imagine that abuse is a necessary part of moral judgment could realize that it does express a permanent military ideal, and so it may perhaps be requoted for the world of 1916:

The chief characteristic of the warriors of Sparta was great composure and a subdued strength; the violence . . . of Aristodemus and Isadas being considered as deserving rather of blame than praise; and these qualities in general distinguished the Greeks from the northern Barbarians, whose boldness always consisted in noise and tumult. For the same reason the Spartans *sacrificed to the Muses* before an action; these goddesses being expected to produce regularity and order in battle; as they *sacrificed on the same occasion in Crete to the god of love*, as the confirmer of mutual esteem and shame. Every man put on a crown, when the band of flute players gave the signal for attack; all the shields of the line glittered with their high polish, and mingled their splendor with the dark red of the purple mantles, which were meant both to adorn the combatant and to conceal the blood of the wounded; to fall well and decorously being an incentive the more to the most heroic valor. The conduct of the Spartans in battle denotes a high and noble disposition, which rejected all the extremes of brutal rage. The pursuit of the enemy ceased when the victory was completed; and after the signal for retreat had been given all hostilities ceased. The spoiling of arms, at least during the battle, was also interdicted; and the consecration of the spoils of slain enemies to the gods, as, in general, all rejoicings for victory, were considered as ill-omened.

It is too much, we suppose, to ask civilians in the twentieth century to sacrifice to the Muses in time of war. But unless they do something comparable to that there is a danger—indeed, a certainty—that war, instead of ennobling, will demean the public spirit.

For ourselves, if we thought that calling the Germans "swine" would save a single human life or shorten the war by an inch, or add a pennyweight to the liberties of Europe, we would gladly subscribe to a fund for providing gramophones at every cross-roads which would reiterate the word every time the clock

chimed. But we are perfectly certain that abuse of the kind never does anybody any harm except the person who utters it. It is merely a lapse from self-control, a self-precipitation into the mob-spirit. What, above all, distinguishes "a soldier and a gentleman" is that, when the mob is at its most turbulent, he is most imperturbed. The mob at one moment "sees red"; at another is a creature of blind panic; is always at the mercy of the mood of the hour. The great soldier is a man who refuses to accept the ready-made values of the mob and lives according to a far more constant standard of values. If he did not he would rage and fly with his followers instead of leading them to victory. He would be incapable of that steadiness at a crisis which enabled Wellington, at Waterloo, to ride up to a certain regiment which was running away and to address it:

My lads, you must be a little blown; come, do take your breath for a moment, and then we'll go back, and try if we can do a little better—

with the result that the men ceased to be a panic-stricken mob and returned to the charge as a regiment of soldiers. Composure of that kind is the sure mark of military virtue. The Stoics aimed at it in Rome, the Samurai in Japan, and the good soldier in Europe today.

But the truth is, that it is absurd to offer a distinction between the military virtues and the civilian virtues. Civilians may be able to get through their day's work and pay the quarter's bills

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without the help of these virtues. But if they do not possess even in their imaginations the military virtues of self-sacrifice, self-control and chivalry, they are simply money-making animals. The burgesses would never have got so bad a name if they had made these virtues a part of their tradition and trade as the soldiers have done. What makes many honest people believe in war as a good thing in itself is that the burgess will not of his own free will cultivate the military virtues. One might reply that neither do the soldiers, and the behavior of the German Army in Belgium during the present war is a gross proof that this is true enough. Still, whatever the lapses from it, the traditional soldierly ideal remains a high one—far higher than the money-making ideal or the Billingsgate ideal. It is an ideal of duty, of service, of *noblesse oblige*; and it is because this ideal is maintained by a certain proportion of soldiers that war has still such an attraction for chivalrous men. But to call one's enemies "swine" is to perform no duty or service to anybody. One does not find the Commander-in-Chief of an army speaking of his enemies in this way, no matter what they may have been guilty of. Perhaps the Chairman of the Woking Tribunal would prefer it if Sir Douglas Haig and Admiral Jellicoe peppered their dispatches with epithets of the kind. He might think them more "patriotic" and "intelligent." But great soldiers and sailors do not show their patriotism in this way. And neither do gentlemen.

WITH THE ENGLISH SOLDIERS AT VERSAILLES.

"Madame goes to visit the English soldiers?" The appearance of an unmistakable Englishwoman, armed with a huge basket of flowers, at once convinced the kindly keen-eyed Frenchwoman that Madame could have come

to Versailles with but one object—that of visiting "the English soldiers." On being assured that this visit did in truth account for Madame's presence there on the morning of "Empire Day," the Frenchwoman further volunteered

to conduct Madame to the rightful tram. "The English soldiers" was her only direction to the conductor. She went on to explain to Madame that on changing trams she would be transferred to another by the conductor himself, and then, having done this good deed for a countrywoman of the English soldiers, she went on her marketing way. All went well. The explanation, "Madame goes to the English soldiers," readily won the sympathy of tram conductor No. 2. On reaching the terminus he explained, with such volubility and such detail, exactly the way to "the English soldiers" that it was to Madame a never-ending marvel that she was able to find her way. But, in truth, she was assisted by the inhabitants at almost every few yards. As she neared the end of her walk it occurred to her to wonder that the word "cemetery" had never once been mentioned by anyone. From first to last it was just "the English soldiers." "They being dead yet speak," thought Madame. As she passed through the gate of the cemetery and began to climb the slope towards the resting-place of our heroes, she felt proud that "The Imperial Patriots" had had the idea of placing a little bouquet of red roses, white pinks, and blue forget-me-nots on each grave this Empire Day, and still more glad that to her had fallen the task of visiting for this purpose "the English soldiers." How their French friends would have wondered had they been forgotten "on the fête day of la Reine Victoria."

As in all French cemeteries, there is an atmosphere of "blackness" about it, owing to the wealth of black memorial wreaths and trophies. But when one comes to "the English soldiers" all the black atmosphere is gone. "Thoughts of the breezes of May, blowing over an English field," if they do not come to those sleeping there, most certainly must come to those who visit them. For this English corner—the cemetery was clearly

enlarged to welcome the newcomers—adjoins a little wood, now rejoicing in its early summer wealth of green. Here the familiar English bracken abounds, even on the very edge of the sandy bank which forms the partition wall between the English soldiers and the wood; there, too, "the orchestra of birds" has come with its songs of thanksgiving and notes of hope, so it seemed to Madame, for the Empire Day service on All Heroes' Day. Here they rest, 156 British soldiers, and their graves show how truly they are a part of the lives of the French dwellers at Versailles. Madame, when she at last reached "the English soldiers," found they were not alone. A friend was with them—a French friend—one who has never failed to visit them each day since the first of the little company was laid there, now over a year and a half ago. It is Mademoiselle L. who keeps this garden bright with flowers and cared for as only a garden tended by one who loves it is ever cared for. And Mademoiselle is very jealous for her "English soldiers," and sees to it that they share in all the flower festivals as they come round. On Palm Sunday, as all who know France remember, everyone carries or wears little sprigs of box. On Palm Sunday a little sprig of box was placed by Mademoiselle on the little black cross on which is painted the name and regiment of each man. On Empire Day the Imperial Patriots' little red, white and blue bouquet was side by side with Mademoiselle's box. And so with the lilac. The first and the choicest blossoms were brought to "The English soldiers" and placed on the sandy mounds. For there is no grass, but on each is planted flowers.

Mademoiselle rejoices when roots and bulbs are sent to her from England to plant in her 156 garden plots. "These are from England," she said, as she lovingly fingered the flaming tulips on one hero's grave. Here and there, too, are little Union Jacks. They were brought

by "an English lady, one for each soldier," she tells Madame; "but the winter and the rain and the wind destroy much." On another festival day the Imperial Patriots will like to send new ones. For the fighters who died "to keep the flag flying" sleep, Mademoiselle thinks, all the better for having their flags above them. She welcomed the idea of the little bouquets for Empire Day. All that could be done for them was all too little. "They suffered so much," she said, "for their country." Before the decking of the graves was finished the sky became overcast. A great stillness fell; the voices of the mourners who were accompanying a French soldier to his resting-place faded away, and only a glimpse through the black memorial wreaths could be seen of the blue, white and red flag that covered his coffin. Even the voices of the birds were hushed. Only far away, at intervals, "a cuckoo told his name" to those who had so often listened to his voice in English fields and lanes. And then came the rain in a deluge and the distant roll of the thunder seemed a reminder of how and why "the English soldiers" were here instead of with their comrades.

When, after an hour, Madame re-
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turned to finish her visit the storm was over, and a truly festival day picture greeted her eyes. Against the background of green wood and blue sky stood out the golden sand-covered graves; the red, white and blue flowers were glistening and refreshed, not beaten down nor spoiled by the rain; the birds had returned to sing their evening hymn, and the words of the Empire Day psalm that were being sung that afternoon in Westminster Abbey came into Madame's mind:—

"Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way, and walk in the law of the Lord.

"Blessed are they who keep His testimonies and seek Him with their whole heart.

"For they who do no wickedness walk in His ways.

"I have chosen the way of truth and Thy judgments have I laid before me."

The "way of truth" had led for these "English soldiers" to this quiet corner of the cemetery of Versailles. And it seemed to Madame, as she left the 156 heroes, that those to whom they were near and dear would like to know how they live in the hearts of our brave French allies, and how "They being dead yet speak."

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

The American people in choosing their next President will be taking one of the most important decisions in their history. They will have to decide by what means they intend to make secure the great principles on which the life, happiness, and influence for good of their great democracy depends in all its international relations. The ideals of Americans of all parties are good because they are democratic, but there are oceans of difference between the various methods of realizing those ideals and exerting them for the benefit of the world. All

rational men desire peace, but there are several ways in which men try to guarantee peace, and those who profess to love it most are not always its best friends. What is called "the new Americanism"—the doctrine of the strong man armed to defend his own rights and champion the weak—is certainly a method of ensuring peace, and in the present state of the world it is the only satisfactory method; but it would not be recognized as such by those who think that peace is destroyed immediately a man takes the precaution of teaching himself how

to shoot. "Americanism" no doubt implies that the United States must take her place in the councils of the Great Powers; it implies that invention in annihilating distance has ended the possibility for her of living a kind of hermit existence either honorably or safely. The opponents of "Americanism" would rather wait on events. They believe in "preparedness" by land and sea to some extent not precisely specified, but they certainly do not want to go out to meet their "manifest destiny" until it is made a little more manifest than it seems to them now. Such are the broad issues behind the dusty and prolonged conflict that will end in the election of a President.

It would be an impertinence on our part to say whom we think Americans would do well to choose as their President. The electoral campaign has not yet begun, and the policies of both the Democratic and Republican candidates may suffer substantial expansions or modifications as the campaign proceeds. There can be no impertinence, however, in saying that, as sincere friends of the United States, we earnestly hope that the American people will see to it that whoever they choose for their President will stand in a most real and practical sense for the "preparedness" in which nearly everyone professes to believe. No country is safe which is not strong. It may have the noblest ideals in the world, but if it is not strong it is at the mercy of any bully and treaty-breaker who has taken care to be stronger. Consider the case of the United States herself. She makes the Monroe Doctrine a cardinal point in her policy, and we are well content that she should insist upon that very convenient instrument, forged, remember, to meet the first practical essay in militant pacificism—the Holy Alliance. But what is likely to happen after the war? Germany, so soon as she has recovered from her exhaustion, will look for new openings. We cannot allow

her to return to places where she has disgraced herself by arrogance and oppression. The day will inevitably come when she will cast the eyes of covetousness upon the Republics of South America. These are formally or theoretically protected by the Monroe Doctrine. Are the American people seriously prepared to vindicate and safeguard the Doctrine if it is assailed in that part of the world? Have they estimated how great a Navy will be required for this purpose? We do not ask the question in any spirit of mischief or irony. It is really to our advantage that the British Navy should not be challenged upon the seas, and such a Navy as the Americans would need would unquestionably be a challenge. All the same, we feel so strongly that it is for the interests of the world that the United States should be strong and secure that we hope she will create a very considerable Navy and do it very soon.

All that has happened lately in the United States—the Republican Convention at Chicago, the Democratic Convention at St. Louis, and the public speeches of the political leaders—shows how commanding in importance is the question of preparedness. We read, for instance, that the President himself headed a procession in the interests of this policy:—

The procession started from the Peace Monument, with Mr. Wilson leading. The President wore a straw hat, a blue serge coat, cream-colored trousers, and white shoes, and he carried a small American flag over his shoulder. He continued in the procession until the reviewing stand was reached, when he entered the stand and reviewed the rest of the parade. The President's action was taken on his own initiative, to emphasize the Government's belief in the vital necessity for America to prepare for possible war.

It will be seen that when a Democratic President plays this part there is no

question of any candidate denying the importance of preparedness. What Americans who believe in reality and not in make-believe have to decide is who is the man who can be most trusted to carry through the work of reorganizing the defenses of the country and bringing them to as high as possible a pitch of strength and perfection. Any English newspaper-reader would say that much the most definite proposals of all have come from Mr. Roosevelt. He has demanded universal military training on the Swiss model, and a Navy which shall be the second in the world—as the American Navy used to be before Germany challenged our position. But Mr. Roosevelt had not nearly a large enough following to force his nomination at the Chicago Convention as the candidate of the reunited Republican and Progressive parties. Even the “record” cheer which lasted for an hour and a half after his name had been proposed was of no avail.

Mr. Hughes has said nothing about universal military training, but has demanded more vaguely “ample reserves all ready drilled and disciplined.” As for the Navy, he has merely asserted that it must be “efficient.” On the other hand, Mr. Wilson’s motto of “Peace, preparedness, and prosperity” is still more indefinite, and may be thought to contain elements of contradiction in fact if not in form. Mr. Hughes, who is fifty-three years old, is extremely well known as a Judge of the Supreme Court, and as the Governor of New York State who showed a memorably courageous intolerance of corruption and “bossism.” He has the reputation of being an austere man, but that is a reputation which very easily and quite falsely attaches itself to an unpromising enemy of evil. “The King of
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Icicles” some one called him at the Chicago Convention, and again “That tribute to the Arctic Circle.” But such phrases are only a “tribute” to his reticence and his contempt for ordinary political intrigue. He is said by those who know him best to be a man of much humor and an excellent conversationalist. The Republicans have chosen a man who has not the electric quality of Mr. Roosevelt, but who will no doubt be absolutely faithful to his trust. It seems that he has a very good chance of being supported by the German-American vote. Not of course that he has asked for it. Indeed, he has declared his indifference to it. It is as strange a situation as can be imagined; the German-Americans dislike Mr. Wilson so much that they seriously contemplate voting for a man who probably dislikes them and their objects more than Mr. Wilson ever confessed to doing. To tell the truth, both sides are painfully embarrassed by the prospect of German support. Their attitude towards the Teutonic voter might not be unfairly expressed in an adaptation of a verse once famous in English history:—

O hyphened Hun, we thee implore
To go away and bomb no more;
Or, if that effort be too great,
To go away at any rate.”

To sum up, both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes have used words about the issue of the hour which are in effect blank checks. The voters must judge from the past record of the candidates, and from the campaign to come, how those checks are likely to be filled in. If we were American citizens, we should vote according as we felt able to answer the questions: “Who is more likely to give us security? Who is more likely to make his words good?”

A NEW DOSTOIEVSKY.

To speak of a new novel by Dostoevsky may sound unpardonably absurd. It is five and thirty years since the great genius died, and for half a lifetime we have known that he wrote a novel entitled, "The Raw Youth." It meant as much to us and as little as the lost plays of Æschylus. We live in hope that some digger, burrowing among mummy cats and withered Pharaohs in the sands of Egypt, will one day light upon these plays, and we lived in hope that one day a translator would render the whole of Dostoevsky into English. We might have read him in French or German, for England alone among the Western nations had been content to neglect this genius so long. It may even be said that we might have applied ourselves to the study of Russian. We did none of these things, and yet there lurked an indolent but sincere desire in us to read the untranslated novels. Why, after all, should one hurry to crowd all one's mental pleasures into one's first years of youth and exploration? To prolong the period of exploration is to prolong youth itself. The hope remained with us that "The Raw Youth" might prove as rich a mine of mingled realism and romance as "Crime and Punishment" itself, and we imagined fresh creations as genial as the drunken Marmeladoff and as sinister as Svidrigailoff. The hope is past, and a cherished pleasure is subtracted from our expectations. Mrs. Garnett has indeed given us an impeccable translation (Heinemann), which contrasts as porcelain with clay, when one compares it with the illiterate version of twenty years ago, which failed to obscure the genius of "Crime and Punishment." But Dostoevsky was perhaps the most uneven of all the great creators, and he wrote, save once or twice, hastily and in ill-health, under the lash of want and debt. "The Raw

Youth" is an intricate and difficult tale. Its plot rests on a motive too slight and improbable to bear the weight of all the events and passions that hang upon it. The gallery of portraits, though bewildering, long, and rich, has no such masterpieces as adorn the dark walls of "Crime and Punishment." The gloom is as deep, but the relief of humor is infrequent and slight. There are none of the tremendous digressions on religion and the nature of the universe which made "The Brothers Karamazoff" something more than an inspired melodrama. There is, however, the same pervading madness. No one is morally sane. We are all the while in the company of blackmailers, seducers, forgers, suicides, and drunkards. Gentlemen of old family, keen intellect, radiant idealism, and distinguished manners behave at crucial moments like the most unspeakable "cads." Everyone lies. The raw youth himself unveils a native nastiness that recalls nothing in literature save the "Confessions" of Rousseau. There is sensibility, philosophy, and even religion, but it is a world from which decent conduct and ordinary honor are absent. One staggers out of it, as one always does, from Dostoevsky's world, asking, Is this Russia, or is it only the perverted imagining of an author, who was, with all his genius, a neuropath and an epileptic?

Every reader, we suspect, has put that question about every novel of Dostoevsky, and on reflection we would alter only one word of it. Let us delete the "or." For we suspect that this world is Russia, seen through the prism of a distorted brain. It must be remembered that, save in his polemics against the pride of the "intellectuals," the purpose of Dostoevsky was not satire. He was the oracle of the "nationalist" movement in literature. The vague Socialism of his youth, which never was more than

an emotional pity for sufferings and poverty, had been purged and crushed by the discipline of Siberia. He was the vehement foe of the Liberals and the Westernizers, and the apostle of the Slavophiles. So far from desiring to represent the defects of Russian culture, his thesis was that in the Slav conscience lay the salvation of humanity, and that the aberrations which he deplored in Russian society came only from the tendency of the educated class to abandon Orthodoxy and drink the poison of the West. We in the West know him only as a great, though erratic artist. His position in Russia was rather that of a super-journalist and prophet, who was read largely for the sake of his strangely assorted opinions, which ranged from a fierce hostility to Western scientific thought and Western political forms, to a faith in the emancipation of women, opposition to serfdom, a deep belief in the conquering destinies of Russia, and a passionate wish to see Constantinople under the Tsars. One gathers from the rather unsatisfactory study on "Dostoevsky" by the famous Russian critic Soloviev (George Allen & Unwin) that he was in the late 'seventies the acknowledged dictator of Russian national opinion. It is odd that the first question which the foreign reader asks about the work of a man who had this intense faith in Russia (mingled with some contempt for the West), and was himself received by Russians as the nationalist spokesman, should be, "Whether he has not presented a cruelly distorted mirror of Russian society?"

It would be easy to concede much to a critic who insisted that the madness of Dostoevsky's world was simply the distortion of his own acute but disordered brain. To take an instance even more flagrant than "The Raw Youth," we may safely say that such a collection of mad men, hysterical women, and perverted children as we meet in "The Brothers Karamazoff" cannot ever or

anywhere have been typical of life in a Russian provincial town. A society composed of such elements would not oscillate (as, in fact, it does) between reaction and revolution; it would fail to maintain even a framework of civilization. Dostoevsky's morbid coloring is easily explained. In the first place he wanted to expose the consequences of the godless, un-Russian culture of the "intellectuals"; it was his way of saying "that way madness lies." In the second place, he knew by introspection something of the inner life of a suffering brain, and he possessed a psychological skill which he used with an unscrupulous virtuosity. He delighted to draw a hysterical temperament precisely as a Dutch genre painter delighted to represent a glass bottle. Much of the skill in "The Raw Youth" is wholly legitimate. As a rather realistic and unsparing study of the psychology of adolescence it is as brilliant as it is unpleasant. The mingled love and hate, or rather the passionate love which disguised itself as a surly hate, in this unformed and persecuted boy (an illegitimate son) for his brilliant aristocratic father, is sketched with as much truth as subtlety. The very form of the narrative (it is the "raw youth's" own crude and solemn record) is a triumph of literary art. Dostoevsky was not a systematic student of anything, but in his mastery of the meaning of the subconscious self, and in his insight into the meaning of dreams as a revelation of that self, he anticipates Freud. All this we feel to be legitimate psychology, for the adolescent's is an unformed mind, whose tendencies are not fixed by habit, and it may, in moments of crisis and difficulty, show amazing contradictions, and act, by turns, as abject "cad" and man of honor. But our trouble in reading this book is that the older characters are as unformed and unfixed as the "raw youth" himself. His father, Versiloff, is, on one page, an exalted idealist, capable of the noblest

self-sacrifice, and, on the next, he is conspiring with a criminal blackmailer against the woman he loved (and hated). Nearly every character in the book shows the same uncanny contradiction. It is Dostoevsky's incessant trick, alike with women and men, to wrap up hero and villain in the same skin. They are all Jekylls and Hydes, who needed no chemical phial to govern their alternations. There is always the theory of "the second self" or disordered nerves to explain the anomaly, but the juggling is too continual to convince us. It makes instability a rule and abnormality a law.

Concede so much, and the fact remains that there is in this instability, this fluidity of character, a real truth about the social psychology of Russia. One derives from all the novels, but especially from "*The Brothers Karamazoff*" the impression that Russia is not so much a single society with any fixed national and ethical tradition as a world in which several traditions and several centuries jostle together. Your first impression of the elder Karamazoff is that he is the pure barbarian, the untutored sensual man, a mere savage in his greeds and lusts. But the old brute will suddenly fall to telling anecdotes about Diderot, to quoting Schiller, and using (quite correctly) French literary tags. One recollects the humorous pictures in Voltaire of the sudden clash of French enlightenment imposed from above with the primitive Muscovite tradition, and one realizes that even in Dostoevsky's generation the incongruity had been only a little dulled. Through several chapters you move unsuspectingly in a world which is with all its oddities and its occasional barbarisms, still European, and of the nineteenth century. Suddenly you step into the monastery, to meet Father Ferapont squashing the tails of devils in the door, while the whole brotherhood doubts the sanctity of Father Zossima, because his dead

body gave forth an odor of corruption. Half this world reads Hegel, while the other half lives in the tenth century or thereabouts. One readily seizes and discounts the contrast between the "intelligentzia" and the peasantry. But the border line between the two is floating and uncertain. The self-conscious "nationalist" is always trampling deliberately across it; the average half-educated man or woman bestrides it anxiously. The incongruity goes far deeper than theories and superstitions. One readily understands, for example, that the peasant, himself just emerging from serfdom, should preserve the ancient institution of wife-beating. But in these novels one meets commissioned officers, minor officials, and even landowners who still adhere to this primitive custom, while others of their circle cultivate either a French tradition of gallantry or else a Socialist ideal of the comradeship and equality of men and women. The impression which the foreign reader derives from Russian fiction of the profound originality of the Russian character, or in Dostoevsky of its utter instability, comes largely from this disconcerting conflict between diverse traditions and varying levels of civilization. The fluidity of character in Dostoevsky's educated men and women is not merely or mainly the effect of hysteria. It is the consequence of the absence of any shaping tradition. These people who are saints today and criminals tomorrow, but never normal "respectable" citizens, are not so much neuropaths as natural human beings who have missed the usual Western process by which character is fixed and hardened by external pressure. The Karamazoffs, one suspects, might all have been perfectly sane if they had been sent at an early age to an English Public School. But they would have lost with their sanity, not merely their unbridled passions, but also their theoretical curiosity about the universe. They would

not have been tempted to murder their father, and they would have stopped
The Nation.

discussing whether God exists, and whether all things are lawful.

BRITISH SUBJECTS AND THE LAW.

The question of the status and qualifications of British citizenship is so much in evidence just now that the following leading points may help to clear up much that is ambiguous. British subjects may be divided broadly into three categories:

- (1) Natural-born British subjects;
- (2) British subjects by naturalization; and
- (3) Women who have married British subjects.

The national status of all British subjects born before January 1, 1915, is dealt with by the Naturalization Act, 1870. By the provisions of this Act natural-born British subjects comprise all persons born within H. M.'s dominions or allegiance, whether they be the children of British or foreign fathers, and the legitimate descendants, born abroad, of a British father or paternal grandfather born within H. M.'s dominions. Since the Nationality Act, 1914, came into force on January 1, 1915, foreign-born children only and not grandchildren can claim British nationality from their paternal ancestors, but the status of a natural-born British subject was accorded by this Act to "any person born out of H. M.'s dominions whose father was at the time of that person's birth a British subject . . . and was a person to whom a certificate of naturalization had been granted"—a most dangerous innovation: persons born on British ships have also always been deemed to be natural-born British subjects, and it thus arises that the children of, say, Austrian or German emigrants from Poland to the United States sailing from Trieste to New York on White Star liners and born on the journey can claim all the privileges of British nationality. The revi-

sion of the law to eliminate both the latter two categories would appear most urgent even without the knowledge we now have of the German "Delbrück" law.

Before 1915 colonial naturalization did not carry with it the right to protection of the Imperial Government in foreign countries, and was only valid within the limits of the colony where it was granted, such naturalized colonial British subjects being only entitled by courtesy to the good offices of British authorities abroad, but by an agreement with the Dominions, India, and the Colonies, British naturalization is now uniform.

The requirements for naturalization comprise residence of five years in British dominions within the eight years immediately preceding the application and a declaration of intention to remain therein. The grant of the certificate of naturalization is then within the discretion of the Home Secretary (for the United Kingdom) or the competent authority in the other portions of the British Empire: it is however not effective until the applicant has taken the oath of allegiance; it must be noted that British protection cannot be claimed in the country of the applicant's origin unless "he has ceased to be a subject of that country in pursuance of the laws thereof or in pursuance of a treaty to that effect," and it may thus happen that a British subject by naturalization can claim British nationality in British dominions, his nationality of origin in his country of origin, and one or other or both (the writer has known of the case of an individual attempting to enforce this claim) in any third country to suit his convenience.

Another notable and regrettable point is that no penalty exists for failure to carry out the declared intention to remain after naturalization in British dominions, and, in the absence of its being obligatory for British naturalized subjects traveling abroad to carry passports, it is impossible to effect any control of their movements.

Again, the status of the children, born abroad, of British subjects by naturalization is most unsatisfactory. According to law, they are deemed to be naturalized British subjects if "during infancy they have become resident with such father or mother in any part of the United Kingdom."

The question of women whose marriage has been dissolved by divorce or death is not dealt with by the existing law, though in practice a woman is considered by British authorities to have retained the nationality of her last husband unless, since the dissolution of her marriage, she has reacquired her nationality of origin or adopted another nationality by naturalization. It would appear that readmission to British nationality of British-born women whose marriage to a foreigner has been dissolved can only be effected by the same formalities as naturalization.

The Outlook.

The fact that both *jus soli* and *jus sanguinis* enter into the system of determining British nationality has caused a state of confusion, unfortunately common to the national systems of nearly every other country in the world, which is in practice dealt with by British authorities as follows: British-born subjects born abroad, are deemed to be British subjects everywhere within H. M.'s allegiance and in every country save in that one which claims their allegiance under the *jus soli*.

Unhappily, this does not prevent such anomalies as the claim to British nationality of the child, born (and brought up with all the opportunities of acquiring "Kultur") in Germany, of a British subject and who may happen to be in business in South America, or a similar claim of the child of a German born, say, in one of the British West India Islands or on board of a British ship.

In the revision of the existing law on naturalization which present circumstances have shown to be so necessary, it would be well to consider the advisability of adopting the principle which exists at present in France and the United States of a preliminary declaration of intention, what is known in America as "taking out first papers."

THE FIRST BATTLE OF YPRES.

Gray field of Flanders, grim old battle-
plain,
What armies held the iron line round
Ypres in the rain,
From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and
down to the Lys river?

Merry men of England,
Men of the green shires,
From the winding waters,
The elm-trees and the spires,
And the lone village dreaming in the
downland yonder.

Half a million Huns broke over them in
thunder,
Roaring seas of Huns swept on and sunk
again,
Where fought the men of England round
Ypres in the rain,
On the grim plain of Flanders, whose
earth is fed with slaughter.

North-country fighting men from the
mine and the loom,
Highlander and lowlander stood up to
death and doom,

From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down
to the Lys river.

London men and Irish,
Indian men and French,
Charging with the bayonet,
Firing in the trench,
Fought in that furious fight, shoulder to
shoulder.

Leapt from their saddles to charge in
fierce disorder,

The Life Guards, mud and blood for the
scarlet and the plume,
And they hurled back the foemen as the
wind the sea spume,
From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down
to the Lys river.

But the huge Hun masses yet mounted
more and more,
Like a giant wave gathering to overwhelm
the sweet shore,
While swift the exultant foam runs on
before and over.

Where that foam was leaping,
With bayonets, or with none,
The cooks and the service men
Ran upon the Hun.

The cooks and the service men charged
and charged together

Moussy's cuirassiers, on foot, with spur
and sabre;

Helmed and shining fought they as war-
riors fought of yore—

Till calm fell sinister as the hush at the
whirlwind's core,

From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down
to the Lys river.

Lo! the Emperor launched on us his
guard of old renown,
Stepping in parade-march, as they step
through Berlin town,
On the chill road to Gheluvelt, in the
dark before the dawning.

Heavily tolled on them
Mortal mouths of guns,
Gallantly, gallantly
Came the flower of the Huns.

Proud men they marched, like an ava-
lanche on us falling,

Prouder men they met, in the dark be-
fore the dawning.

Seven to one they came against us to
shatter us and drown,

One to seven in the woodland we fought
them up and down.

In the sad November woodland, when all
the skies were mourning.

The long battle thundered till a waxing
moon might wane,

Thrice they broke the exhausted line
that held them on the plain,

And thrice like billows they went back,
from viewless bounds retiring.

Why paused they and went backward,
With never a foe before,
Like a long wave dragging
Down a level shore

Its fierce reluctant surges, that came
triumphant storming

The land, and powers invisible drive to
its deep returning?

On the gray field of Flanders again and
yet again

The Huns beheld the Great Reserves on
the old battle-plain,

The blood-red field of Flanders, where
all the skies were mourning.

The fury of their marshaled guns might
plough no dreadful lane

Through those Reserves that waited in
the ambush of the rain,

On the riven plain of Flanders, where
hills of men lay moaning.

They hurled upon an army
The bellowing heart of Hell,
We saw but the meadows
Torn with their shot and shell.

We heard not the march of the succors
that were coming,

Their old forgotten bugle-calls, the fifes
and the drumming,

But they gathered and they gathered
from the graves where they had lain

A hundred years, hundreds of years, on
the old battle-plain,
And the young graves of Flanders, all
fresh with dews of mourning.

Marlborough's men and Wellington's,
the burghers of Courtrai,
The warriors of Plantagenet, King Louis'
Gants glacés—
And the young, young dead from Mons
and the Marne river.

Old heroic fighting men,
Who fought for chivalry,
Men who died for England,
Mother of Liberty.

In the world's dim heart, where the
waiting spirits slumber,
Sounded a roar when the walls were
rent asunder

That parted Earth from Hell, and sum-
moning them away,
The Fortnightly Review.

Tremendous trumpets blew, as at the
Judgment Day—

And the dead came forth, each to his
former banner.

On the grim field of Flanders, the old
battle plain,

Their armies held the iron line round
Ypres in the rain,

From Bixsechoote to Baecelaere and down
to the Lys river.

Margaret L. Woods.

NOTE.—In the first Battle of Ypres, which was fought in October–November, 1914, a thin line of British, supported on each wing by small bodies of French, stopped the push of an immense German army on Calais. The allusion in the latter part of the poem is not to "the angels of Mons," but to a story received from a very competent witness. On three occasions the Germans broke through our line, then paused and retired, for no apparent reason. On each of these occasions prisoners, when asked the cause of their retirement, replied: "We saw your enormous Reserves." We had no Reserves. This story was incidentally confirmed by the remark of another officer on the curious conduct of the Germans in violently shelling certain empty fields behind our lines.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Remating Time" by Jesse Lynch Williams, and "The Conscript Mother" by Robert Herrick are republished from *Scribner's Magazine*, in attractive little volumes, by Charles Scribner's Sons. The first is a whimsical and satirical sketch, which treats lightly the unconventional experiment of two dissatisfied married couples, who availed themselves of convenient divorce laws to exchange their mates, and later solved the resulting perplexities by establishing a common household. A dozen clever illustrations by Henry Raleigh decorate the book. In "The Conscript Mother," Robert Herrick tells the story of an Italian signora, whose boy was called to the colors when Italy rid herself of Giolotti, and took her final plunge into the war; and who followed her son almost to the firing line to say a last good-bye to him. The story is simply told and is indescribably touching.

✓ One does not have to read far in Hermann Fernau's little book, "Be-

cause I Am a German," now accessible to American readers in an authorized translation by T. W. Rolleston (E. P. Dutton & Company) without perceiving why it was that the book was confiscated in Germany within three weeks after its publication. It is a keen and searching arraignment of the course of Prussianized Germany, by a writer himself a German and proud of his country before it became subject to militarism. He takes largely as his text the startling anonymous book "J'Accuse" and examines, in the light of official documents and established facts, its accusations. In the fourth chapter, the reader will find a concise list of questions which defenders of Germany will find it hard to answer, and which, for the most part, they choose to ignore. Altogether, this is an awakening and illuminating book.

✓ Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's group of "Union Portraits" (Houghton Mifflin Company) supplements very satis-

factorily his earlier volume of "Confederate Portraits," and, like that, is composed of biographical papers which first appeared separately in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Yale Review* or other periodicals. In his Preface, Mr. Bradford intimates that the papers might more accurately have been described as "psychographs," as a portrait presents its subject at a particular moment of existence, while a psychograph is a study of character; but he foresaw that such a title as "psychographs" would not be tolerated by a publisher and would not attract readers. Generals McClellan, Hooker, Meade, Thomas and Sherman; Secretaries Stanton and Seward; Charles Sumner and Samuel Bowles are the subjects of these nine sketches, which happily combine the vividness of contemporary impression with the balanced judgment of the historian.

✓ The scope and purpose of Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop's "Presidential Nominations and Elections" (Charles Scribner's Sons) are indicated in the sub-title, which describes the book as a history of American conventions, national campaigns, inaugurations and campaign caricature. It is not a formal history of Presidential campaigns, but a series of sketches, outlining political methods, from the assembling of the first conventions in the early thirties down to those of 1912, and grouping the most salient incidents of the following campaigns. Mr. Bishop has the gift of being accurate and illuminating without being tedious, and he has found his materials not only in official records but in the newspapers of the different periods. Especially diverting are the cartoons and caricatures, forty or fifty in number, which bring before the reader the issues and candidates in the several campaigns, as they appeared to contemporary public opinion. The author's own political opinions are not obtruded, but they can

be read between the lines by anyone who is curious about them, though they do not mar the fairness of his presentation.

Mr. Thomas Dixon's "The Fall of a Nation" has six illustrations by Charles Wrenn, showing a German invading army in American streets, and the text vividly relates its doings, and the behavior of American men and women under the infliction. Mr. Dixon is careful to give the reader notification at the very outset that his work is "not a rehash of the idea of a foreign conquest of America based on the accidents of war." He defines it as a "study of the origin, meaning, and destiny of American Democracy by one who believes that the time is ripe in this country for a revival of the principles on which our Republic was founded." As the most important of these he sets Jefferson's "All men are created equal" and he firmly believes in Washington's concise maxim "In time of peace prepare for war." The most dangerous of all America's enemies, in his opinion, are the rich man who has adopted foreign ways and the man who grudges his country the means of self-defense, and would have it follow the policy inculcated in that sweet little work "A Kiss for a Blow," and he evidently enjoyed writing the episode describing the German method of treating the latter. It is impossible to treat such a book as mere fiction, but even if taken as purely Utopian, it is a dashing story, capturing the attention with its mingled irony and fervor. D. Appleton and Company.

The J. B. Lippincott Company sends out, in a single group, three stories of the great war, each written by a soldier, who tells what he himself has witnessed of its tragedy and its heroism. "With My Regiment," by an English army officer, who disguises his identity under

the designation of "Platoon Commander," is a series of twenty sketches, written with vivacity and humor, describing the writer's experiences from his departure for the western front, through the fighting of Aisne, to his return in an ambulance and his days in a hospital. "The Epic of Dixmude" by Charles Le Goffic, translated by Florence Simmonds, and illustrated by a map and a dozen or more full page pictures, tells the thrilling and amazing story of the brigade of six thousand French sailors, turned infantrymen, who, with five thousand Belgians, held three German army corps at bay for over a fortnight, with a courage which took no account of risks. "In the Field (1914-1915)" by Marcel Dupont, translated by H. W. Hill, gives the impressions of an officer of light cavalry in the early weeks of the war. The story is told in eight chapters, each devoted to a single episode and of independent interest, yet knit together as parts of an individual experience. It would be hard to say which of the three books is the most absorbing. They are all touched with sentiment of the highest character, and breathe a courage which stops at nothing. They differ from the dispatches and books of the war correspondents, because they are written by men who have been, not observers merely, but actors in the scenes described; and their directness and simplicity give them a keen and poignant interest.

The art critics and the music teachers of America should be thankful for the lessons taught in Mr. James Lane Allen's "A Cathedral Singer," for through them both the conscience and the ability of many a careless student will be aroused and his spirit touched to finer issues. The captious reader instantly objects that he does not read stories that his spirit may be touched to

finer issues, but that he may forget his daily troubles, and at the same time enjoy a work of art; but forgetfulness of anything but his work is exactly what Mr. Allen has always been able to effect, and in "A Cathedral Singer," he plays on more than one of the most sensitive heart-strings. The "Singer" is a southern boy, living with his mother in the shadow of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now rising on Morning-side Heights, New York, and hoping some day to become a chorister. He is all boy, but a musician; she is all mother, but a musician also, able to estimate his wonderful voice, and to cultivate it until she can entrust it to a better teacher than herself. The choir-master of the Cathedral and the great painter for whom she becomes a model discourse brilliantly on their arts, but always the boy and his mother are the central figures in the picture, the chord dominating the theme. Even the two masters are chiefly concerned about them, and the girlish art students worship their model. But after the beautiful little tale is read, one returns to the talk of the two teachers to study its lessons in life and in the arts. Mr. Allen has written a book from which one might make a calendar, with a quotation and a picture for every day in the year, but it has less than 140 pages. The frontispiece by Sigismond de Ivanowski is a sympathetic reproduction of one of the author's best passages. The real Cathedral is pictured on the cover. The Century Co.

To the "Mind and Health Series" Little, Brown & Company add a brief but cheerful treatise on "The Influence of Joy," by George Van Ness Dearborn, M.D., which explains the bodily effects of joy,—its influence on nutrition, on the circulation and on the nervous system; and urges the necessity of joy in work and play, and the elimination of worry.